CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

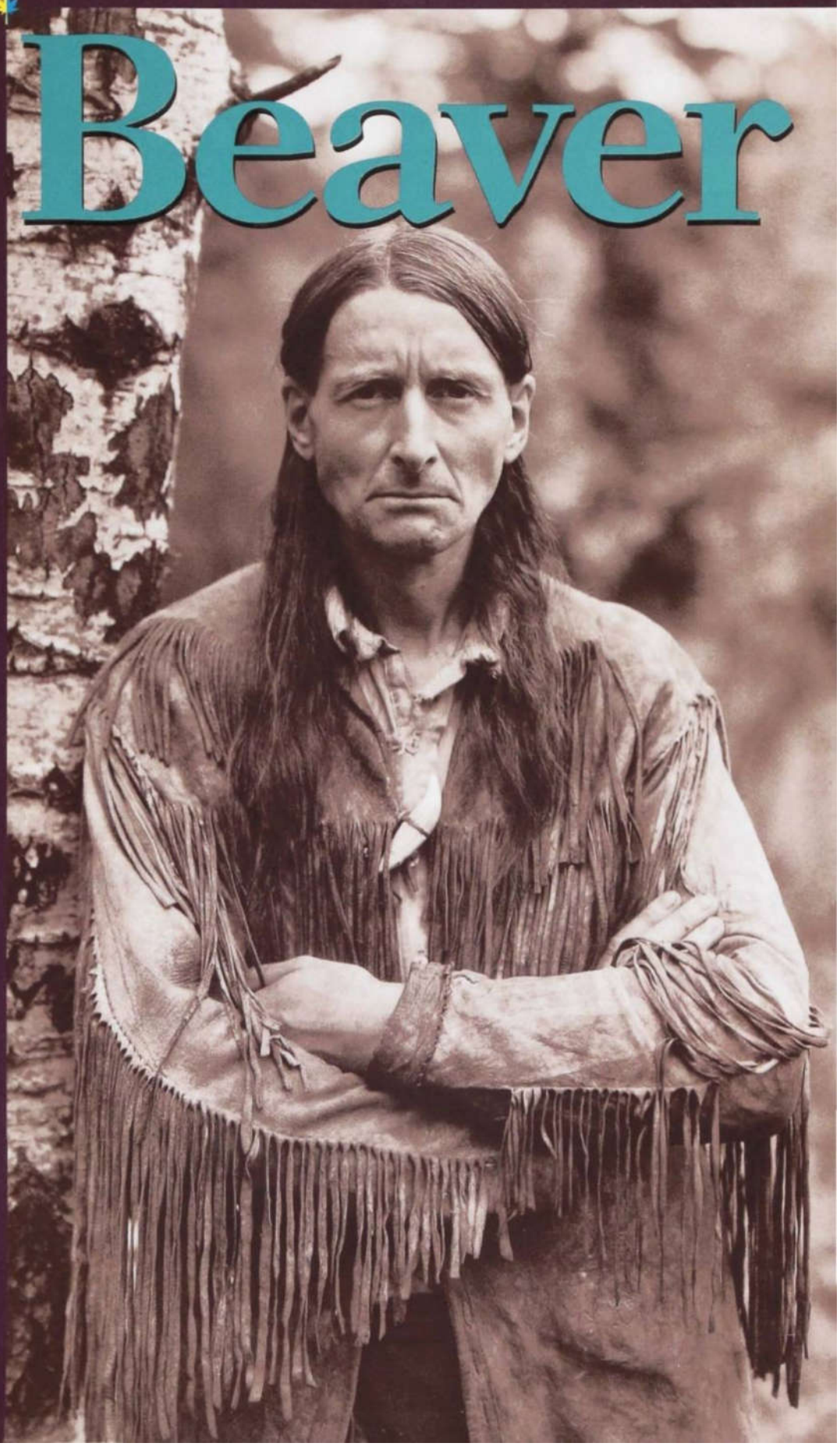
APRIL | MAY 1999 $4.95

Grey Owl
A double life

Fatal Flaw
Letter to La Salle

Death in the Arctic

Kings of the Shield



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On the cover: Grey Owl. Photograph by W.J. Oliver. Reproduction courtesy the Glenbow Museum / NA3680-3. B-326

Letters

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Lefroy tragedy

MATT JACKSON'S ARTICLE on the recent attempted ascent of Mount Lefroy ["The Legend of Lefroy," December 1998/January 1999], which celebrates the centennial of the first ascent a hundred years ago, touched us deeply. Our grandfather, Malcolm Daniel Geddes (whom we never knew), died leading a climb on Lefroy in early August 1927. This tragedy was well documented in records and newspapers of the time.

Geddes was not only an avid climber and executive of the Alpine Club, but also a poet, editor, and entrepreneur in Calgary. He made many climbs, including the first ascent of Mount Geike, but Lefroy remained a challenge. He died while guiding his party. Unroped (as was Abbot), he was attempting a glissade while testing a crevasse. Possibly this was on the same Death Trap to which Jackson refers. We don't know.

What was so striking about Jackson's article was that both Abbot's ascent and death and M.D. Geddes's occurred in early August (Aug. 3, 1897 and Aug. 2, 1927 respectively), virtually forty years apart. Last year, as Jackson's party noted, the attempted replicated centenary climb (Aug. 3, 1997) was on a clear, beautiful day. So, too, were the days on which Abbot and Geddes climbed and died. The last letter our grandfather wrote to our grandmother, Jennie, was the night before the climb, written on Canadian Pacific stationery from Chateau Lake Louise, in which he notes the bright sky, the compelling and haunting beauty of the mountains, as well as the challenge before him.

Malcolm Darroch, North Vancouver, B.C.
Gordon Darroch, Toronto, Ontario
Gail Benjafield, St. Catharines, Ontario
Karen Probert, Edmonton, Alberta

Miscast

JOHN AYRE, IN HIS STORY on Cape Dorset printmaking, "The Art That Came In from the Cold," [February/March 1999], rightly pays high tribute to Jim Houston's extraordinary contribution to the flowering of Eskimo art. Such successes rarely follow a smooth path, nor are they accomplished alone. Behind Jim was a committed and effective support team, which helped make it possible not only for him to work in Cape Dorset (over the grave doubts of Treasury Board bean counters), but for the art to become widely known and marketable.

Having been Jim's good personal friend, point man in Ottawa, and his principle enthusiastic helper in government and public relations, I was surprised to see the *Beaver*'s revisionist history cast me as the ever-doubting block in the way of Eskimo art. Good editors used to ask writers if they had interviewed those they reviled.

Cape Dorset printmaking became a triumph for the artists, for Jim, and for all his untiring backers in the Department of Northern Affairs. Happily the West Baffin Eskimo Co-operative recognized that. Among my meagre accomplishments in life I had particularly valued my decade of work on its behalf.

R.A.J. Phillips, C.M., Cantley, Quebec

All hail the Fenians

I FOUND MICHAEL MCCUE'S ARTICLE "Crossing the Line" [February/ March 1999] a balanced review of the Fenian raids that does justice to both sides. My great-great-grandfather's brother was one of those Fenians who, rather than retreat from Ridgeway, decided to visit the rest of his family in Long Branch, now a part of Toronto. His visit began with a knock in the middle of the night and lasted a few days before he returned to the U.S. and the excite-

Annalee Greenberg, *Editor*
Doug Whiteway, *Associate Editor*
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Rolph Huband, *Publisher Emeritus*

Advisory Committee:
Paul-André Linteau
Tina Loo
William Nobleman

Advertising Representative:
Murton & Co., 4 Elm Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M4W 1N4
Phone: (416) 323-9991
Fax: (416) 323-9998

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ment came to an end. He eventually returned to Canada, in his old age, and died here.

Daniel Dempsey O'Connor refused to be buried under a British flag. He included in his will that he was to be buried in U.S. soil. His nephew, John, had to take him back to Evanston, Illinois to be buried in 1904. I've always thought the Fenians deserve a monument of their own in Canada because, as Mr. McCue writes, "While they failed to free one country, the Fenians did help create another." Perhaps a joint monument to both sides would be better.

Paul O'Connor, Toronto, Ontario

Album alert

I WAS DELIGHTED TO SEE the photo of the surveyors relaxing [Album, p. 55, February/March) but I was surprised at the fanciful text which accompanied it.

I have a poster of this photo, published by the Public (now National) Archives of Canada in the mid-1970s. It shows that the version Ms. Outhet submitted was considerably cropped on all sides, as on the right is a wagon with "Horetzky Phot." clearly written on one of the shafts. The caption reads, "The elbow of the North Saskatchewan River, September, 1871. Photo by Charles Horetzky." Also on the poster are instructions of Sandford Fleming to Frank Moberly, June 20, 1873 [*sic pro* 1871?]: "the Government, having determined to commence an exploratory Survey for a line of Railway through Canada to the Pacific Coast, have ... decided to send an expedition to explore the country lying between Fort Garry and the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains. ... Messrs. Charles Horetzky and John Nickoll are appointed to accompany you and assist in obtaining the information desired. Mr. Horetzky is furnished with photographic apparatus for the purpose of taking views of objects of interest illustrative of the physical features of the country through which you will pass, more especially to the west of the Forks of the Saskatchewan."

Evidently this photo has been at the National Archives for some time, and is not part of the Geological Survey collections, for the CPR surveys were carried out independently of the GSC.

Jim Burant
Chief, Art, Photography, and Philately Section
National Archives of Canada, Ottawa

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks to readers John Thyen of Winnipeg and Leigh Noton of Ardrossan, AB, who cited Edward Cavell's 1979 book *Journeys to the Far West*, which reiterates Mr. Burant's information. Thanks also to reader Don McMaster of Rossendale, MB, who points out the presence of a tepee and Métis crew, and to reader R.W. Rand of Toronto, who believes the photo to be of the 49th Rangers, "a group of some 30 Métis enlisted by the British [Boundary] commission to act as guards and herders circa 1873–75. They were armed with Model 1865 Spencer carbines from some 2000 purchased by the Canadian government during the Fenian troubles of 1866. The man seated at the left is holding one of these ..."

The New Look

THE OLD TYPEFACE was warm – the new cold. [But] the new cover is beautiful and the articles, as always, are wonderful.

R. Grant, Mississauga

CONGRATULATIONS, your new look is terrific. ... am very pleased with the readability of the contents.

Don Evans, by e-mail

I HAVE BEEN SUBSCRIBING to the *Beaver* for years and I *read* it. I am no skimmer. I do not need signposts to alert me. ... a number of Canadians are Christians and I for one find Borduas's likeness unacceptable in a *serious* magazine.

A.N. Raybould, Burlington

CONGRATULATIONS on taking a unique piece of Canadiana ... and making it look like any other periodical. ... And please – "History is about change and its about people" (from Explorations, p. 7) – sounds like an MBanx commercial.

David Jehu
McDonald's Corners, Ontario

YOUR NEW FORMAT is excellent. However, the new print is not ...

unsigned

THE NEW COVER IS SUPERB ...

unsigned

WHAT A SORRY DAY IT WAS when Canada's National History Society got their hooks into the *Beaver*. ... and in only three issues has turned a fine magazine, one in keeping with our Canadian culture and heritage, into a trashy, semi-American clone ...

A. Cunningham, Ottawa

THE LOOK of the latest *Beaver* is wonderful. The colour of Borduas on the cover is beguiling ...

R.B. Fleming, Woodville, Ontario

IT IS ANNOYING. It is awful. It is a disaster. It is contradictory to all standards of good taste. It breaks every rule of legibility, readability, and coherence. ... I cannot close without commenting that if Jean-Paul Riopelle ... is Canada's best-known artist, we're in deep trouble.

C. Eyestone, Richmond, B.C.

THE BEST DESIGN IS UNOBTRUSIVE. ... stop the gimmicks and give us an enjoyable and readable magazine.

Peter Garstang, Toronto

I AM THRILLED with the new magazine, especially at the human face you've given it. ... Thanks for enhancing your good work.

Susanne Shaw, by e-mail

EDITOR'S NOTE: We thank the many readers who took the time to comment on the design as well as the content changes to the *Beaver*; a representative sampling of letters appears above. We regret that we could not respond to everyone personally, but have made note of the many constructive comments that were directed to us. We will keep these in mind over the next few months as we continue to fine-tune the design.

Currents

Gowns! Gowns! Gowns!

Another bride, another June, another sunny honeymoon, another season, another reason, for visiting Ottawa's inimitable Canadian Museum of Civilization, which is displaying until early next year a collection of twenty-three wedding dresses, designed, stitched, and fitted by Lacombe, Alberta seamstress Lorraine Church between 1950 and 1995. Somehow this quintessential female costume manages to illuminate manifold aspects of postwar social history – women's lives, labour relations, business principles, prairie values, pop culture. Who'd think a fancy white dress could have so much meaning? The national tour of *Fabrications: Stitching Ourselves Together* travels January 2, 2000 to Calgary's Glenbow Museum.

ANTON FARTLOW / CANADIAN MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION

LORI LOZEN CHURCH / CANADIAN MUSEUM OF CIVILIZATION

Westward Ho!

This event is strictly B-Y-O-H.

As part of its 125th anniversary celebrations, this spring and summer the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will reenact the North-West Mounted Police's Great March West of 1874, ordered by the government of the day to take law and order to the Canadian West and enforce the Canada-U.S. border. The reenactment, which will cover about fifteen hundred kilometres, will be led by retired members of the RCMP (some of whom will be dressed in period NWMP uniform), but an invitation has also been extended to the general public to join the march.

You must, however, bring your own horse.

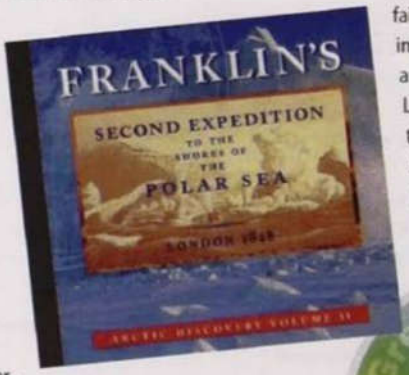
The original March West was no picnic. Beginning at Fort Dufferin, near present-day Emerson, Manitoba, and ending at Fort Macleod in Alberta three months later, the cavalcade of 275 men, horses, and cattle endured violent summer weather, hunger, and illness as they headed west. Who knows what weather will greet 1999's reenactment participants, but at the least the grub should prove decent, the folks friendly, and the hospitals nearby. There's a fee to take part (ranging from $25 to $85 daily) but the food's included (for both man and beast) as well as tent accommodation. Most participants are expected to join for three- to seven-day stints, covering about twenty kilometres a day.

Not too arduous. Particularly if you know how to ride a horse, as well as own one.

Let's get digital

One thing you can say for this project – it'll sure be a load off your arms. We're referring to an ambitious $600,000 project lead by University of Alberta historians Bob Hesketh and Chris Hackett to put Canadian history on disk. We can recall our student days, back before the Punic Wars, when we were forced by the crudeness of technology to haul huge tomes around campus in a vain attempt to get an education. Now if we were students today, we could look forward to simply slipping a shiny silver disk chock full o' history into our pockets, and leave our arms free to do other things, like swing at our sides.

Hesketh and Hackett's CD, *Canada: Confederation to Present*, contains an undergraduate Canadian history program's worth of scholarly articles, archival images, maps, graphs, sound, and film, plus myriad World Wide Web connections, and is scheduled for release later this year. The equivalent of six large textbooks, it has hyperlinks, search mechanisms, interactive features, and the whole digital this-is-the-future-whether-you-like-it-or-not kit and caboodle. (Try <**www.atl.ualberta.ca/projects**> for more information.) As the title of the CD suggests, the content of *Canada: Confederation to Present* includes only post-1867 history. A companion pre-Confederation CD is in the works (as is a post-Confederation French language version).



Meanwhile, CD-ification of Canadian history seems to be happening everywhere. Aficionados of Sir John Franklin's Arctic adventures can now find on CD the ill-fated explorer's memoirs, *Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea* (1823) and *Narrative of the Second Expedition* (1836) faithfully reproduced with images showing the appearance of the original pages. Looks antiquarian, but has those great computer capabilities like search and cut-and-paste. CD-Academia Books (<**www.cd-books.com**>)

HARPERCOLLINS PUBLISHERS, LONDON

Remembering the Mac-Paps

Members of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion, the collective name for the Canadian volunteers who fought against fascism during the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939), have never been recognized as official veterans by the Canadian government. Indeed, the Mac-Paps, as they are more familiarly known, underwent a long period of ostracization in Canada because of their left-wing politics. Only now, with a scattering of veterans living, with the passions that fuelled the Cold War cooled, and with Spain itself formally reconciling with its past, is official recognition – of a kind – being extended to the fifteen hundred Canadians who were in the vanguard of the antifascist cause. In 1995, in advance of the sixtieth anniversary of the beginning of the Civil War, a granite memorial to the Mac-Paps was set up on the grounds of the Ontario Legislature. Last December, a commemorative plaque was unveiled in the rotunda of Victoria's Legislative Building. Now B.C. is going a step further. Scheduled for installation this June in Confederation Plaza, across the street from the legislature, is a two-metre-high bronze sculpture, the Spirit of the Republic, designed by B.C. artist Frank Harman. Being in or very near the palaces of government is certainly a benchmark in recognizing the sacrifice of these pre–Second World War volunteer soldiers. But, so far, this recognition is only at a provincial level, and only in a few provinces. Will the federal government eventually extend *its* official recognition and give the Mac-Paps the status of veterans? Joe Barrett, one of the organizers of the B.C. monument project, is optimistic. Full debate was given in the House of Commons to a private member's bill on the subject for the first time last March, he points out. (The bill was defeated, however.) And, he adds, a monument to the Mac-Paps in Ottawa is "close." With only about twenty members of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion remaining, and perhaps another fifty surviving members of other International Brigades living in Canada, time would seem to be of the essence.

plans to reproduce more Canadian heritage books, which has the added bonus of preserving the originals – fewer mucky hands on the paper originals. Elsewhere, if another slice of pre-Confederation Canadian history is your cup of maple syrup, and you want it on CD, Working World Training Centre Inc., a joint venture with federal department of Indian and Northern Affairs, has produced *The Great Peace: The Gathering of Good Minds*, which chronicles in a digitized way (3,000 screens!) the history, culture, and spirituality of the Iroquois including the confederation in the late sixteenth century of the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca nations, and the concomitant establishment of the Great Law, the constitution that bound the warring peoples. (More info at <**www.GreatPeace.org**>.) And coming down the CD pike, once the hardcover version is released in 2000, is Harbour Publishing's *Encyclopedia of British Columbia*, another prodigious feat of research and writing (425,000 words), which, as Canada's second-only provincial encyclopedia, makes a nice bookend (in a sort of geographic sense) for Canada's first, Joey Smallwood's *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador*.

And now you can go to another item or turn the page. You can't click. The *Beaver*, though it does have its own website (<**www.historysociety.ca**>), is still pretty much wedded to the Gutenberg paradigm.

P.S. – And this late-breaking news from the National Archives of Canada: This month a portion of the NAC's vast archive goes on-line, allowing researchers, history buffs, and others direct access to government documents, census records, and photographic files, with more to come in the future. Try <**www.archives.ca/ArchiviaNet**>.

Reduce, reuse, recycle

When you reach a certain age, you often find you've collected far too much stuff, and it's time for a mighty paring-down lest you choke on dustbunnies or your teenage children accuse you of crass materialism. However, one person's stuff may turn out to be another person's artifact. Or, in this case, an institution's artifact. Pier 21, Halifax's museological testament to our immigration heritage, is actively seeking your treasures and tchotchkes for permanent display in its Immigration Hall, opening this Canada Day. Passports, luggage of all kinds, that embroidered blouse, those wooden shoes, toys, tools, togs – in fact, anything that may have arrived at Pier 21 (Box 611, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2R7) between 1928 and 1971, when one million people passed through its portals, is open to consideration. One day soon, thousands of visitors passing through this Canadian Ellis Island may be viewing your great-grandmother's lace.

But wait! Before you pack up bits of your family history, photograph them or scan them. For its Timecapsule 2000, Industry Canada is seeking electronic contributions – digitized photos, documents, and mementos that have special significance, which will be collected in a digital time capsule and then buried under an inukshuk or cairn, scheduled to be built in Ottawa on Canada Day 2000. Deadline for submissions (to <**capsule@schoolnet.ca**>) is the end of this year. Then, on Canada Day 2020 – or so the plan goes – the prime minister of the day will open the capsule, and twenty years of history will be revisited. This presumes, of course, the computers of 2020 can read anything so ancient as the digitalia of 2000. Still, if they can solve Y2K ...

PETER KULCHYSKI

The Creation of Nunavut

On April 1, 1999, the map of Canada is being redrawn: the Northwest Territories divides into two territories to allow for the creation of Nunavut, a homeland for Canada's Inuit. The creation of Nunavut is testament to the strength of Inuit political leaders and to the flexibility of Canadian political institutions. Over the past six years, Inuit leaders have been busy preparing for this event. Everything from new symbols on flags and licence plates to new buildings to house a legislative assembly to new electoral districts and election of a new governing territorial assembly has been prepared in anticipation of this moment. And now, the real work begins.

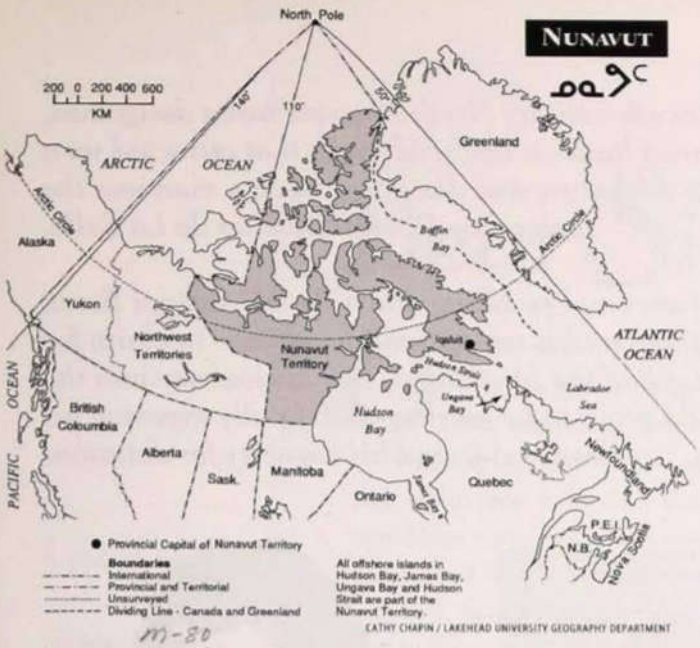
The new territory of Nunavut is geographically large, with a unique variety of landscapes and ecosystems. The whole territory, from the glacial mountain fiords of the east coast of Baffin Island to the rolling rock hills of the west coast of Hudson Bay, is arctic terrain, which means that it is all to the north of the treeline. What remains of the N.W.T. is frequently called the western Arctic but more appropriately should be called subarctic, since the vastest portion of that territory lies within the treeline. Nunavut can best be described with reference to the distinctive culture, history, and politics of the majority of its inhabitants, who are Inuit.

Inuit is an Inuktitut language word for people, *Inuk* for person. For much of recent history they were known as Eskimos, but obviously preferred the substitution of their own term for themselves. While the striking aspects of their material culture are well known – *iglu* (snowhouse) and *kayak* (small boat) perhaps better than *ulu* (woman's knife) and *umiak* (large boat) – their intellectual culture and values have served Inuit as well in the modern world as their unique technology did in earlier ages. For the most part, Inuit prize flexibility and ingenuity – a good idea is not something to hold back in the interest of maintaining the way things were always done. At the same time, elders and ancient traditions are highly respected. Balancing these two – an appreciation for newness and respect for the wisdom of the ages – will be one of the challenges of Nunavut.

Archaeologists maintain that modern Inuit, who certainly have a language and culture distinct from that of other indigenous Americans, are the descendants of Thule peoples who were late (and last) to cross the Bering Strait, coming as recently as a millennium ago. Inuit have a rich legacy of creation stories, some of which affirm their belief that they were placed in their homeland by their own creator. Traditional Inuit culture remains strong in Arctic communities because Inuit continue to depend to a great extent on hunting to get enough food to survive (and food sharing remains a critical aspect of community economies). Inuit visual arts have provided strong expressive mechanisms for the transmission of Inuit culture, and the Inuit language, Inuktitut, has remained resilient, due in part to a deliberate policy of Inuit leaders. In the playgrounds of the many Arctic communities I have visited, the language of play has been Inuktitut – surely as good an indicator as any of a language's vitality.

The history of the Arctic is rich and complex. Though most historians have focused attention on explorers and expeditions, cultural contact in the Arctic and Inuit responses to colonialism are compelling themes that will continue to gain increasing scholarly and public attention. Although nineteenth-century whaling had some local impact, for the most part Inuit economic life remained in its indigenous pattern until the fox and seal fur trades of our own century. Hence there were Inuit Canadians who as late as the 1950s had little or no exposure to outsiders. Permanent settlement into communities was for many Inuit a phenomenon of the fifties and sixties. One of the biggest challenges facing the leaders of Nunavut will be to find a way out of the economic dependence that has become the most debilitating legacy of colonial relations. Many of those leaders were born "on the land" in what amounts to another world.

Politically the Arctic islands became part of Canada in 1880, though virtually nothing was done about them until 1897 when William Wakeham, cochairman of an international boundary commission, ceremonially hoisted a flag at Kekerton Island in Cumberland Sound, now a historic Territorial park.



It was not until 1921 that an appointed council, composed of Ottawa-based civil servants, began to actively govern the Arctic and instituted the series of annual eastern Arctic ship patrols that brought supplies and services to coastal communities. The status of Inuit, legally uncertain, was settled in 1939 in the Supreme Court of Canada decision *Re: Eskimos*, which determined Inuit were a federal responsibility and, in effect, aboriginal citizens; however, Inuit were not directly consulted about the governance of their lands and communities until the late fifties. In 1965 Abraham Okpik became the first Inuk appointed to the territorial council. In 1966 the council expanded to include seven elected members, with Simonie Michael the first Inuk elected. Slowly the territorial council evolved into an elected, representative body, with Inuit actively involved in its workings. By the early seventies, Inuit in N.W.T. also organized themselves into the Inuit Tapirisat of Canada, an association with a broad mandate to preserve Inuit culture and promote Inuit interests. By the eighties, the ITC represented Inuit across the nation.

Nunavut was a long-standing goal of the ITC, which presented the notion formally as early as its first land claim in 1976. A lengthy treatise would be needed to detail the twists and turns around the question of division that occupied Inuit politicians in the late seventies through the eighties. Suffice it to say, however, that a generation of astute political leaders emerged among Inuit, many of them women, who with patience, determination, creativity, and will achieved a vision: Nunavut.

Nunavut is an Inuktitut word for "our land." Unlike other First Nations in Canada, Inuit have not been interested in separate governing institutions. Rather, their particular situation as majority occupants of the Arctic has led them to promote the notion of increased power for their public governments (as opposed to aboriginal governments, sometimes seen as ethnic governments) as a vehicle for their political aspirations. They will be able to use their substantial majority to elect enough Inuit politicians that the government of Nunavut will be theirs. At least, they are able to do so for the foreseeable future.

Nunavut is in part the creation of a land claim, the 1993 Nunavut Land Settlement Agreement, which stipulated in one section the division of the N.W.T. The land claim is now administered by a body called the Nunavut Tungavik Incorporated, which, as a large capital and landholder, will be a major player representing the Inuit interests in Nunavut. Recommendations setting up the Nunavut government were made by a body called the Nunavut Implementation Commission. It was chaired by John Amagoalik, widely acknowledged as a founder of the territory. Its work ended in 1997 when an interim commissioner, former member of parliament Jack Anawak, was appointed to carry out its recommendations. Over the past six years, the Inuit community has been engaged in frenetic activity to have in place by the April 1, 1999, deadline, the human and material infrastructure demanded by the new government. Over the next eight years increased responsibilities will be devolved to the Government of Nunavut. By the end of that time it will be a provincelike jurisdiction as the N.W.T. is today. Inuktitut is an official language in the new territory.

The capital of Nunavut is Iqaluit (formerly Frobisher Bay), but every attempt has been made to decentralize and develop regional centres. There are three main regions in Nunavut: the communities on and near Baffin Island, the Kitikmeot communities on the coast and islands of the central Arctic, and the Kivilik communities in the region of the northwest coast of Hudson Bay. Every one of the twenty-six Nunavut communities (the total population amounts to a mere seventeen thousand) is its own unique microcosm, and each has developed its own strategy for dealing with the traumas of the past and the challenges of the future. The difference, for example, between Rankin Inlet, which on the surface has the rough-and-ready feel of a northern resource town, and nearby Whale Cove, where an older rhythm of life still prevails, is striking.

While many would assess Nunavut's ultimate chances based on its oil, gas, and mineral resource base, it should be noted that there is another resource with which Nunavut remains strikingly endowed – the continued presence of elders who hold a treasure-trove of invaluable knowledge, stories, skills, and values. Culture itself is one of the truly great assets of Inuit. For better or worse, so-called "authentic" aboriginal culture – and the commodities it can produce – will only increase in value over the next century. The degree that Nunavut, in its very forms of operation and decision making, reflects, embodies, and conveys the Inuit culture from which it has emerged, may ultimately determine its chances of success.

Dr. Peter Kulchyski is chair of the department of native studies at Trent University. With Frank Tester, he is coauthor of *Tammarniit* [Mistakes]: *Inuit Relocation in the Eastern Arctic 1939–1963*. He conducts research on contemporary cultural politics in the Arctic and runs an annual summer school at Pangnirtung, Baffin Island.

For Europeans, seventeenth-century North America was a dangerous, untamed land – a vast wilderness that attracted men with a thirst for adventure and discovery. Such a man was the enigmatic Robert Cavelier de La Salle.

After charting the Great Lakes and paddling down the Mississippi River, La Salle embarked on his most ambitious quest – to claim for France the lands at the mouth of the Mississippi. But his journey into the Gulf of Mexico would prove to be his downfall, fatally exposing his stubborn pride and his capacity for delusion.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-007862

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-108612

by Adrienne Leduc

Dear Sieur de La Salle:

Over the years, as I tried to understand your struggles, my files about you have become rather bulky. Therefore, when after three hundred years your ship *La Belle* was discovered at Matagorda Bay, Texas, I had to investigate.

Walking along the shore of Matagorda Bay where once you left your footprints, the first white man to do so, I thought about your unusual past. My mind heard voices, squabbles – squabbles that erupted when you were particularly unsympathetic and smothered your emotions. You were distrustful, stern to your followers, and pitiless to yourself, bearing the brunt of every hardship and danger. You demanded of others an implicit respect, and heeded no counsel but your own. In the end you attempted the impossible and only grasped momentarily what was too vast to hold. You had dreams and treasured them too much to share. One by one your dreams went awry as you strove to transform them into reality.

Let me begin this tale in Rouen, Normandy, where you were born on November 21, 1643, and christened Robert-René Cavelier. You studied at the Jesuit College and in 1658 entered upon your novitiate in the Society of Jesus in Paris. You spent nine years in that religious order; however, you were restless and felt a perpetual need to change. Being impulsive – you were described as *inquietus* – you dreamed of seeing new horizons. On several occasions you asked your superiors to be sent to one of the Jesuit missions, but your requests were refused. Finally, you were released from your vows, and on March 28, 1667, the seminary doors closed behind you forever, leaving you resentful toward the Jesuits. Six months later, despite meagre financial resources, you sailed to Canada and went to see your elder brother, Jean Cavelier, who was a Sulpician at the seminary in Montreal.

The Sulpicians granted you a seigneury on the Island of Montreal and you became a seigneur. Like so many of your contemporaries, you were obsessed with finding a passage to China, and your place was referred to as La Chine. In the course of time, Governor Frontenac became your friend and assisted you in securing a seigneury at the fort of Cataraqui (Kingston).

The fort consisted of wooden palisades, earthworks, and log buildings. After renaming it Fort Frontenac, you ordered the wood replaced with stone walls and bastions, and built barracks, a mill, a guardhouse, and a forge. The location of the fort was intended to eliminate the trade of the English and the Dutch with the Senecas, an Iroquois tribe. Soon after, the Senecas became your friends. Here I cast my thoughts back to Teiaiagon (now Baby Point, Toronto) where you left instructions with the Senecas to attack any fur trader who did not have a permit issued by you. There, in the summer of 1682, the Senecas plundered the canoes of three Frenchmen – Lachapelle, Leduc, and Abraham. The three traders lost their cargoes but luckily kept their scalps. One of these men was my husband's ancestor. That was what piqued my interest and you would not leave me alone.

I wanted to know more.

As I studied seventeenth-century records, reports, correspondence, private journals, and government documents, it was difficult to see any consistency, or to comprehend your life as a unified whole. The journals of your various friends and enemies are full of contradictions. Is there any truth in their writings?

Under your command at Fort Frontenac, several ships were built and launched in Cataraqui harbour. Meanwhile, in search of new places and in pursuit of furs, you built

Clockwise from far left:

La Salle's landing in Texas, 1685. This woodcut is taken from nineteenth-century American writer William Cullen Bryant's four-volume history of the United States, which was recut from an original first printed in Louis Hennepin's published accounts of his adventures in North America.

Robert-René Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle. Bold and energetic, he could also be duplicitous and paranoid. One by one his dreams would go awry.

La Salle's house at Lachine, on the south bank of Montreal Island. The nickname La Chine was applied to La Salle's land grant because the explorer, like so many of his contemporaries, was seeking a passage to China. Watercolour by Richard George Mathews (1870–1955).

more forts as you expanded your territory southward. In the course of time your luck ran out. Most of your ships were lost, your enemies wrecked your forts and plundered your storehouses, and your creditors clamoured for their money. You tapped every financial source, borrowed from family and friends in France, from fellow adventurers and merchants in Canada, even from your friend Madeleine de Roybon d'Allonne, who also lived at Fort Frontenac. You were so eager to leave on your voyage that you did not take the time to marry Madeleine – probably the only woman you ever cared for. Born in Montargis, France, she was three years younger than you. She understood your ambitions and your need to find money to support your endeavour. Your creditors had already seized your furs at the fort when Madeleine showed her trust in you and loaned you more than 2,000 livres.

During those years, while you traded, you explored a large part of North America. And although robust, you often suffered from violent fever attacks. You were planning to venture farther and farther south as you and your ally, Louis Hennepin, a Récollet friar, read about the voyages of Fernando de Soto and other discoverers.

During a visit to France in 1678, you had become acquainted with two priests, Abbé Eusèbe Renaudot and Abbé Claude Bernou, who offered to be your agents. If their petition to the King was successful, they could expect to profit from your voyages. Renaudot, with his passion for geography and his religious zeal tinged with hostility to the Jesuits, seemed the right person to protect you. Bernou, too, had definite personal ambitions for your success – as the newly dubbed Sieur de La Salle, you could fulfill his dream of a southern episcopate.

Your lifelong perseverance astounds me.

You returned to France in 1683, after having travelled to the mouth of the Mississippi – so you alleged. Did you explore the delta projecting into the Gulf of Mexico? Did you actually see the buildup of sediments that the river carries down to a *cabo de lodo* – a cape of mud? You named the territory Louisiana and claimed it for France. Still, Abbé Bernou understood that for you to make your fortune, and consequently his own, it was simply a question of presenting the King with the right proposal.

Previously, an idea had been suggested to Bernou by a certain Count Peñalosa. This man was a Spanish Creole born in Peru, who had been governor of New Mexico until the Inquisition took too close an interest in him and he was forced to seek refuge in Europe. Living in France at the time, Peñalosa described to Bernou and Renaudot the fabulous riches of New Spain, and a plan to conquer its silver mines. The two priests considered the adventure worth trying. From this perspective, Sieur de La Salle, your arrival in 1683 could not have been more timely, and your agents quickly analyzed the situation for their benefit. Proposals were addressed to the court of Louis XIV, explaining how the project of a French colony close to New Spain and its mines would be of the greatest advantage to France.

You agreed to falsify the geography. The result was an altered course of the Mississippi – far to the west – to coincide with the Rio Grande. This proposal, in Bernou's peculiarities of spelling (such as writing the plural *aux* as *aus*), was supported by downright lies and wild exaggerations. So was the statement that the Mississippi delta would allow for an excellent port, where large vessels would be able to ascend to a distance of hundreds of kilometres. And of course there was no mention of the petrified tree trunks that blocked the river.

Louis XIV agreed to your proposal and supplied four ships; *Le Joly*, one of the king's man-of-wars; the *Saint-François*, a ketch; *L'Aimable*, a fly-boat; and *La Belle*, a small, two-masted sloop, mounted with six four-pounder cannons. The latter was an outright gift from the king to you.

On July 24, 1684, you sailed from France with some three hundred men and women, including your brother Jean, and a certain outward bravado. You must have had doubts about reaching the mouth of the Mississippi River. You certainly were apprehensive. Dreading that someone could interfere, you kept your plans secret. I know you worried about the Jesuits. You and your group at the French court were determined to establish a new colony in North America, free from Jesuit control. That was the reason you avoided sailing to Quebec.

Your little fleet sailed instead to Haiti, where you suffered a fevered delirium. Later, sailing past Cuba before entering the Gulf of Mexico, the *Saint-François* was captured by pirates. However, you continued the voyage. Eventually you overshot the Mississippi delta. How could you not recognize the delta's vast cape of mud, which extends twenty kilometres into the ocean? Were you not the explorer of the river's mouth? Yet you landed 600 kilometres west, at Matagorda Bay, in early February 1685. You soon realized your mistake. You had been deceived, not only by your own map but also by the seacharts of the day, all of them inaccurate. Or were you perhaps trying to mislead Captain Beaujeu, with whom you often disagreed? The captain concluded that because his wife had a Jesuit confessor, you did not trust him. Finally, as had been stipulated by Louis XIV, Beaujeu sailed *Le Joly* back to France, believing you had landed at the river you were seeking. At once you began to search the numerous channels of the Bay, hoping to find a passage to the Mississippi.

Meanwhile, on February 20, 1685, *L'Aimable*, your

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With its depiction of the Mississippi River flowing into Matagorda Bay, well west of its true location, *Nouvelle Découverte d'un très grand pays*, published by Louis Hennepin in 1697, is similar to the map La Salle used on his ill-fated voyage into the Gulf of Mexico in 1685. Hennepin travelled to Canada with La Salle in 1675 and three years later joined his expedition through the Great Lakes. In 1680, Hennepin was sent ahead to explore the upper Mississippi, later claiming to have travelled to the river's mouth. *Nouvelle Découverte* was dedicated to England's King William III, as Hennepin, sometimes described as vainglorious and rebellious, had lost the favour of the French court.

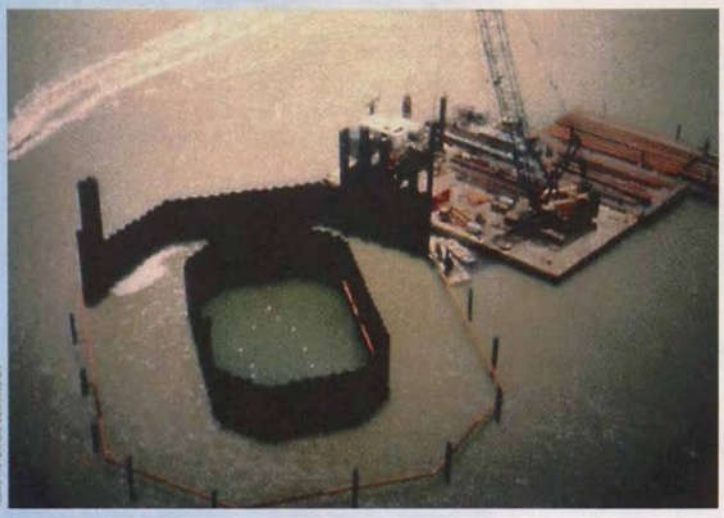
main supply ship, ran aground on a sandbar near Matagorda Island, spilling most of its precious food. Soon after, the ship sank, and with it the cargo of cannons, weapons, and tools.

Supervised by you, the colonists constructed a fort further inland on Garcitas Creek, which you named Fort St. Louis. Disease, alligators, and the local Karankawa tribe wiped out many of your people. The remaining colonists lost confidence, and morale was low. Whenever – to forget their misery – someone tried to initiate some amusement with song and dance, you were adamant: you would not tolerate any frivolous activities. Your only ambition was to find the Mississippi.

Disaster struck once more. In January 1686 a norther blew *La Belle* across the bay, where it grounded in shallow water. After a halfhearted attempt to salvage the cargo, the crew abandoned the vessel. But you did not give up. You continued to organize overland scouting journeys with some of your companions, going east as far as the Trinity River. Quite often feverish illness overtook you. In October 1686, back at Fort St. Louis, you were laid up by a painful hernia. Your lifelong perseverance astounds me.

According to some of your companions, in March 1687 you were shot in the head over some minor disagreement and, at age forty-three, left to die in the bushes. But your body was never found. Only six of your companions made it back from Texas to Canada and on to France. Their tales and journals show evidence of their hardship and of murders among the last remaining colonists. But their memory of events and the passing of time during their years spent in the wilderness is contradictory and puzzling. Or could it have been their preoccupation with trying to conceal your death? Before leaving Texas, your brother, Jean Cavelier, had extracted from his five companions a promise to keep your death a secret. He planned to cash in on the furs you had traded years earlier at your fort on the Illinois River, and succeeded. Only after their arrival in France did the rumours of your death surface.

Now, three centuries later, your ship *La Belle* has been discovered in its final resting place by archaeologists working for the Texas Historical Commission. A watertight wall called a "cofferdam" was placed around the shipwreck. It consisted of two concentric octagonal walls of interlocking steel plates sunk twelve metres below the bay floor and rising about two metres above sea level. Sand-and-gravel fill between the walls served as a work platform for the

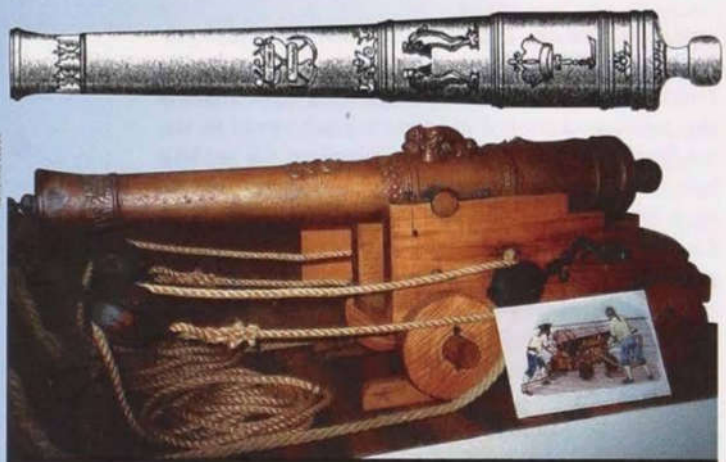


TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION

After a seventeen-year-search, La Salle's ship *La Belle* was found in 1995 off the Texas coast, the oldest French shipwreck ever found in the Americas. In 1997, the site was sealed off by a cofferdam, a watertight wall placed around the shipwreck with pumps used to draw the seawater out. Archaeologists have since found, in addition to the ship's hull, a treasure-trove of items, including bronze cannons, pewter plates, sword hilts, muskets, glass beads, bronze rings, pottery, as well as a human skeleton.

TEXAS HISTORICAL COMMISSION

Using the skull found in the wreck, scientists have reconstructed a face illustrating what the French sailor may have looked like (left). Meanwhile, DNA testing continues on the skeletal remains. According to Roy Garrett, lead preparator at the Corpus Christi Museum of Science and History, the skeleton is being examined at the Texas A & M Conservation Research Laboratory. After DNA testing is completed they hope to link the man to modern relatives in France.



ADRIENNE LEDUC

Detail and one of the bronze cannons excavated from the wreck. The 'L' topped by a crown stands for Louis XIV. The great bulk of the *La Belle* booty is stored for now at Texas A & M University, College Station. But several of the ship's artifacts have been restored and the exhibition *La Belle: The Mystery of La Salle in the Gulf* is touring Texas. Call the Texas Historical Commission for locations, (512) 463-6096. Or visit the THC website at <www.thc.state.tx.us/belle>.

archaeologists. Pumps were used to draw the water out, exposing *La Belle*, which lay four to five metres below the surface of the water. After resting all that time at the bottom of Matagorda Bay, the oak ribs of the fifteen-by-four-metre ship were very well preserved. Some of the pottery still contained food.

I was amazed to see pewter plates, sword hilts, bronze rings, boxes of muskets, casks of axe heads, and thousands of glass beads – wampum – to be used for trade with the natives. The bronze cannon recovered from *La Belle* is proof of her identity. It bears the name of Le Comte de Vermandois, who was an illegitimate son of Louis XIV.

Archaeologists also discovered, near coils of rope in the bow of the ship, the skeletal remains of an unknown male passenger. With the skeleton was a wooden cask containing the residue of distilled spirits. Nearby they found a leather shoe with a high heel – obviously not the shoe of an ordinary sailor.

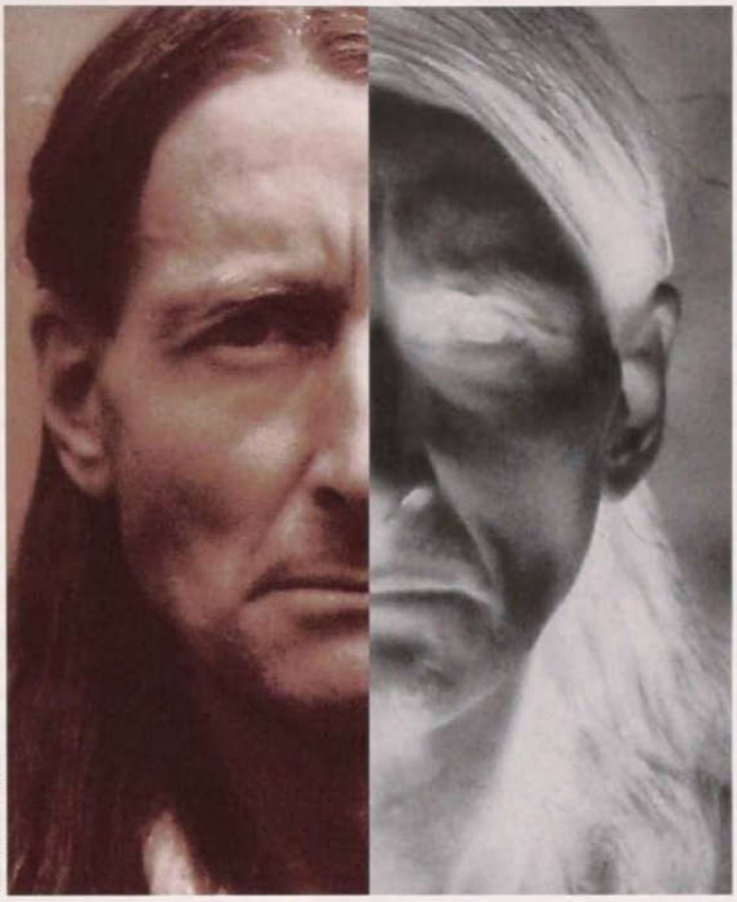
The skeleton was in very good condition. The man was approximately 1.55 metres tall, but quite robust and strong, estimated to have been between the ages of twenty-five and forty-one. A study of the skeleton by physical anthropologists determined that he had had dental problems and suffered from numerous ailments, including arthritis and a herniated disk. He had obviously been in a fight – his nose and cheek were broken. A computer scan also revealed evidence of an old wound to the head – an eighteen-millimetre-long piece of metal was embedded in his skull.

Sieur de La Salle, you were proud, independent, had bold vision and untiring energy. But you were also stubborn and did not allow anyone diversion from the daily hardships in the wilderness. There had been a quarrel when you were shot in the head. Did you seek refuge in the hold of *La Belle* to nurse your pride and escape the noisy distractions at the fort? Perhaps, when the remains are finally disposed of under the guidance of the French Consulate in Houston, Texas, we will know the answer.

With the recovery of *La Belle* you seem to have come to life again, and at last I understand many of your struggles. May your spirit may find in death the peace which escaped you in life.

Respectfully yours,
Adrienne Leduc

Adrienne Leduc is a frequent contributor to Canadian and European newspapers and magazines, and has a special interest in early Canadian history. She has written a historical novel, *Antoine: coureur de bois* (1996), which tells the tale of her husband's adventurous ancestor in seventeenth-century Canada. Her current project concerns *les filles du roi*.



GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA-1881-5

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The Fabulations of Grey Owl

by Peter Unwin

Between the wars, he was the most famous Red Indian in the world. He lectured to kings and commoners. His books about native life in Canada flew off the shelf. He was a star of the growing nature conservation movement. But the man everyone knew as Grey Owl was leading a very double – and very troubled – life. Now, as Hollywood prepares to bring Grey Owl's story to the big screen, Peter Unwin examines the complexity and contradictions of the Indian who wasn't.

Grey Owl was born Archibald Stansfeld Belaney at Hastings, England, September 18, 1888, the first of two sons to Katherine (Kitty) Cox and George Stansfeld Belaney. Abandoned by her husband, Kitty moved to London to remarry, leaving four-year-old Archie in care of his grandmother Belaney and two aunts. He attended Hastings Grammar School, where he was reportedly a good student with an affinity for music. But he was also a loner and a dreamer, and became fascinated at an early age with North American Indians. After leaving school, he worked briefly in an office in Hastings, but the lure of the New World was too much for him. At age seventeen he boarded a boat at Liverpool bound for Canada, returning to England only for war service and, after he was famous, for lecture tours. He never acknowledged his Hastings beginnings.

PARKS CANADA / PRINCE ALBERT NATIONAL PARK

B-326

The transformation of Archie Belaney into an Apache half-breed is one of the most remarkable stories in Canadian history. It is the story of a man who, for a brief time, spanned the two great solitudes of North America. He was both immigrant and native. He *went* native – not by accident – but on purpose, knowing it was essential for his survival. He was at the same time civilized and "savage," European and non-European. In the course of this extraordinary balancing act, he became something that never existed before.

Although the world would come to call him Grey Owl, he was born Archibald Stansfeld Furmage into a very complicated family. His father, an alcoholic womanizer, big-game hunter, and bankrupted tea-taster, squandered the family's fortune, impregnated a fifteen-year-old girl, and disappeared. He later surfaced, supposedly married to an Elizabeth Cox, and sailed for Florida with her and her young sister to engage in a disastrous real estate speculation. He abandoned Cox, pregnant, in Florida, and returned to England married to her fifteen-year-old sister, who was also pregnant.

The child of that pregnancy was born September 18, 1888, at Hastings. It is doubtful the infant ever saw his father, who showed up intoxicated in Brandon, Manitoba, and was later murdered in a drunken brawl in the United States.

Taken from his child-mother by two maiden aunts, he was given the family name of Belaney. As a boy, he played constantly at "Red Indian," built a wigwam in an English garden, and claimed he could get within two inches of a bird and not be seen. At thirteen, to impress a girl, he demonstrated an Indian war dance and fed frogs to his pet snake. He saw his first Indian in 1903 when Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show performed in Hastings. He left school at sixteen, worked in a lumberyard, and spent his weekends throwing knives. One afternoon he attempted to topple a statue onto his aunt as she read the newspaper. Later he lowered a homemade bomb down the

chimney of his employer's factory. On March 29, 1906, eighteen-year-old Archie Belaney boarded the SS *Canada* bound for Halifax.

Three months later he squatted in a canoe in the Temagami district of Ontario, northeast of Sudbury. Taken on as a chore boy at a local inn, he carried a notebook to jot down Indian words. In 1907 he returned to England to scrounge funds. His footwear now consisted only of moccasins. Friends described him walking the streets of Hastings "with the loping gait of an Indian." While there he learned of his father's death in America.

By summer's end he was back as chore boy at the Temagami Inn. With his father out of the way, he gave himself a new history, growing up an Indian in the American Southwest, son of a Scottish trader and full-blooded Apache girl. In broken Ojibwa, sign language, and a few words of English, he romanced an Indian girl, Angele, and through her befriended Ned White Bear, who wore an alarm clock under his shirt. He mastered more than two hundred words of Ojibwa and learned to put the verb before the noun. About this time he was given the name *ko-home-see* (little owl) by one of Angele's uncles who called him, "the little owl who sits taking in everything."

On August 23, 1910, he married Angele in a civil ceremony in a fire ranger's hall on Bear Island. A local Ojibway played violin. He later told his wife, teasingly, that he would make a white woman of her. "No, Archie," she said. "I make Indian of you." (Forty years later Angele explained to a reporter: "Maybe he not always tell the truth. But he a good man, my man.")

In 1911 he fathered a child. The girl's baptismal certificate provides the first documentary proof of Archie's existence in Canada, recording his name as Arthur Belenge. Emulating the father he never met, he abandoned Angele and his infant daughter. In 1912 he walked from Temagami to Toronto, a distance of five hundred kilometres. The same year he made his first appearance in the village of Biscotasing, 130 kilometres northwest of Sudbury on the Canadian Pacific Railway line. Employed as a fire ranger, he received monthly cheques from his aunts, mailed small sums to Angele, but never included a note.

In 1912 Biscotasing was a village of summering Indians, French-Canadian timbermen, and Scots and English traders. An Ojibwa minister gave sermons to the village's white Protestants. Here Archie Belaney established himself as "a white man with possibly a streak of Indian in him." His skin was dark from the sun, and he kept his long hair out of his eyes by two loops of fishing line. By now he was telling people his father died violently while employed as a Texas Ranger. He himself, he said, fought the Yaqui Indians in Mexico.

At his rooming house in Biscotasing, he met Marie Girard, a young Métis woman who spoke fluent French, English, and Ojibwa and had never spent a day in school. He invited her to join him on his trapline. Meanwhile, he continued to modify his family history: his father, the Texas Ranger, was now murdered by a Mexican who, in turn, was killed by Archie. In a masterstroke, he claimed to have been a young member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, through which he met his father's sisters, who raised him for a time "near London." This helped explain his curious English accent. By now he was drinking heavily and writing on sheets of foolscap. In 1914, after returning from the Goulais River country north of Sault Ste. Marie, he got drunk and demolished his rooming house. Before he could be arrested, he escaped into the bush with Marie Girard, who was pregnant with his child.

In the 1930s, the world's view of North America's aboriginal peoples owed much to romantic fiction and Hollywood central casting. Grey Owl, whose early notions came from reading books about cowboys and Indians in his room in Hastings, England, happily dressed in buckskins and braids – or full feathered headdress if the situation required – to validate his claim of Indian blood. In England, after his second book *Pilgrims of the Wild* was published, he was a sensation.

Contained in his love of the wild was a potent anger toward people.

The next verifiable sighting of Archie Belaney occurred May 6, 1915, half a continent away at Digby, Nova Scotia, where he enlisted in the Canadian Army. He gave his birthplace as Montreal, his marital status as single, and claimed previous military experience in the Twenty-eighth Mexican Dragoons. In 1915, stationed in England, he went AWOL to visit his aunts. Unknown to him, Marie Girard had given birth to his son and died soon after of tuberculosis. Joined to the Thirteenth Battalion of the Royal Highlanders, Belaney saw action in France as a sniper. A fellow soldier noticed him "squirm up muddy hills in a way no white man could."

In January, 1916 he took a bullet to the wrist and was hospitalized for two weeks. In April, a bullet smashed his right foot, and for the rest of his life he would be unable to walk properly. In 1917, at the London General Hospital, his fourth metatarsus and

fourth toe were removed. There he met and later corresponded with a young nurse. "He spoke English very badly," she said. "His spelling was simply awful. No educated Englishman could spell so badly."

It now appears that Archie Belaney was attempting to translate ten thousand years of native oral tradition into literary narrative:

> Gee Im lucky to be able to travel the big woods agen. To us peple the woods and the big hills and the Northern lights and the sunsets are all alive and we live with these things and live in the spirit of the woods like no white person can do. ... I wonder if all this means anything to you I hope you wont laugh at it anyway.

The limping twenty-five-year-old was laying down the "pidgin Injun" dialect that Hollywood talkies would soon eagerly emulate. He was also taking the first tentative stabs at an indigenous literary form, free of European sophistication and American muscle, hinting at an honesty that would make him, briefly, one of the most popular writers and lecturers in the English-speaking world.

While convalescing in Hastings, Archie reintroduced himself to a childhood sweetheart, Ivy Holmes, now twenty-six. In February 1917, at Hollington Church-in-the-Wood, he married her. According to the unsuspecting young bride, "he had a way of making the backwoods sound very attractive."

Things did not go well for Archie Belaney following his discharge from the army. Back in Biscotasing he learned Marie Girard was dead, and that he now had a second child, a son. The boy, Johnny, was raised by his former rooming-house landlady, Edith Langevin, a Cree midwife said to have delivered every child in Biscotasing. The boy cuttingly referred to his father as Archie Baloney. Having kept his British wife waiting for nearly two years, he confessed his marriage to Angele. She promptly divorced him as a bigamist. Archie drank hard again, and was seen stirring his homemade mash with a canoe paddle. He got drunk on shoe polish.

Still an excellent canoeist, he found a job as a deputy ranger on the Mississauga Forest Reserve in 1920. There he composed his first public statement as a conservationist, copied it on a piece of birchbark, and nailed it to a tree: GOD MADE THIS COUNTRY FOR THE TREES—DON'T BURN IT UP AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE HELL. He rejected the theory of evolution on the grounds that, "monkeys didn't drink, beat up their wives, and leave." During this time he got to know a little girl named Libby who would later call him "one of the nicest things that happened to me when I was growing up." For a number of years he was befriended by an Ojibwa family, the Espaniels, to whom he attributed "calm & quiet contentment, little intimate enjoyments" and "the appreciation of the woods in its fullest sense." Later he would inscribe a book to Mr. Espaniel: "To one whom I am proud to call Dad."

Across a campfire in Biscotasing before the war, he once asked a University of Toronto student, "Do you think I can write?" Now he was filling his knapsacks with notes and writing stories. He walked compulsively through the bush at night to avoid what he called "the abyss of introspection." He recognized he had become, in his own words, "a human distillery." He began to dye his hair black and redden his skin with henna. Reportedly, he rolled a spoon back and forth across his nose to flatten it. He invented a war

Though populations thrive across Canada today, the beaver, the animal most closely associated with Grey Owl's conservation work, was close to extinction earlier in the century. Ironically, Grey Owl trapped animals for most of his first twenty years in Canada, but under the influence of his Iroquois wife Anahareo, who disliked trapping, he became an advocate for animal protection. After magazine articles and short films amplified his message, the federal government invited him in 1930 to reestablish beaver colonies in Manitoba's Riding Mountain National Park. He later transferred to Prince Albert National Park in Saskatchewan, which became his last home.

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dance, probably from readings in Longfellow and James Fenimore Cooper. He sang Indian war songs that neither the Cree nor Ojibwa understood. He beat on a war drum made from a cheese box. With a warrant out for his arrest for "unlawfully conducting himself in a disorderly manner while drunk at the Biscotasing Railway Station," he fled to Temagami where in 1925 he worked as a guide while living with his former wife Angele. Within a year they had a second daughter together. But in the fall he left. Their first daughter, Agnes, now fourteen, saw him off at the train station. He told her: "I go away. I will come back sometime. I like travel." She never saw him again.

Concerned about the near extinction of the beaver, the Ontario government banned non-Indians from fur trapping in 1925. Despite his henna and war dances, Archie Belaney was *not* an Indian, so he moved to northern Quebec to maintain his livelihood. In 1926 he enclosed a photograph in a letter to his Hastings aunts. "This is my wife Gertie, an Iroquois chief's daughter, twenty-one-years old." He had met the girl as a nineteen-year-old waitress at a camp. He was smitten by her, and she in turn would write two books about him as "Anahareo," the name that Archie would later give her. (He also tenderly called her "Insect.") In the summer of 1926, an Indian chief pronounced them man and wife. She worked a trapline with him, but killing animals sickened her, which resolved in Archie a belief that the death of the beaver meant the death of the woods.

In 1928 the two moved near the New Brunswick border to Cabano, Quebec, taking with them two pet beavers. There Archie Belaney set his traps for the last time. With no income except a small military pension, he homesteaded in a squatter's shack with the hope of establishing a beaver colony. Having little else to do, he wrote an essay in praise of the white trapper, published by the British magazine *Country Life*, which requested a book. By 1930 he had developed a taste for vanilla extract and wore a bottle of it on a string around his neck. It was reported to a priest that he drank turpentine. At the village of Métis-sur-Mer he was reduced to selling ten-cent admissions to see his pet beaver. In the same village he delivered his first lecture on wilderness at a tourist hotel. It was well received and earned him fifteen dollars. He became known as the "beaver man," and was approached by local scoutmasters wanting him to teach lessons on bush craft.

His relationship to his pet beavers not only contributed to his eventual status as a world famous lecturer, it also transformed him from a mediocre trapper into a committed conservationist with a genuine feeling for wildlife. The zoo he called the "saddest place in any city," and he let people know it. Contained in his love of the wild was a potent anger toward people. "Man," he claimed, was "the parasite supreme of all the earth." He believed the wilderness was "a living, breathing reality with a soul" and that all living things in the forest had a right to live. He not only believed this, he went public with it. At a time when the forestry branch of the Canadian government seriously considered killing wolves by sewing the forest floor with strychnine pellets dropped from aircraft, he trumpeted a message that the world had never heard before.

Very quickly a nascent conservation movement converged around Archie Belaney. Parks board officials made a short film about him. Then he was invited to Montreal to address the Canadian Forestry Association national convention. Following the lecture, he was approached by an elderly gentleman who shook his hand and said tellingly, "I don't know whether I have just heard a poem or an encyclopedia on wildlife." The next day a Montreal paper ran the

headline FULL BLOODED INDIAN GIVES LECTURE ON WILDLIFE. His wife Anahareo later noted that the more he wrote, the more Indian he became in the eyes of the public. In 1931, the most visible symbol of wilderness protection in Canada, he was offered the post of caretaker at Riding Mountain National Park in Manitoba and given the opportunity to successfully establish a beaver colony. The next year, he and Anahareo moved to Prince Albert National Park in Saskatchewan and lived in a small shack with an active beaver lodge in the living room. That summer, Anahareo gave birth to a daughter.

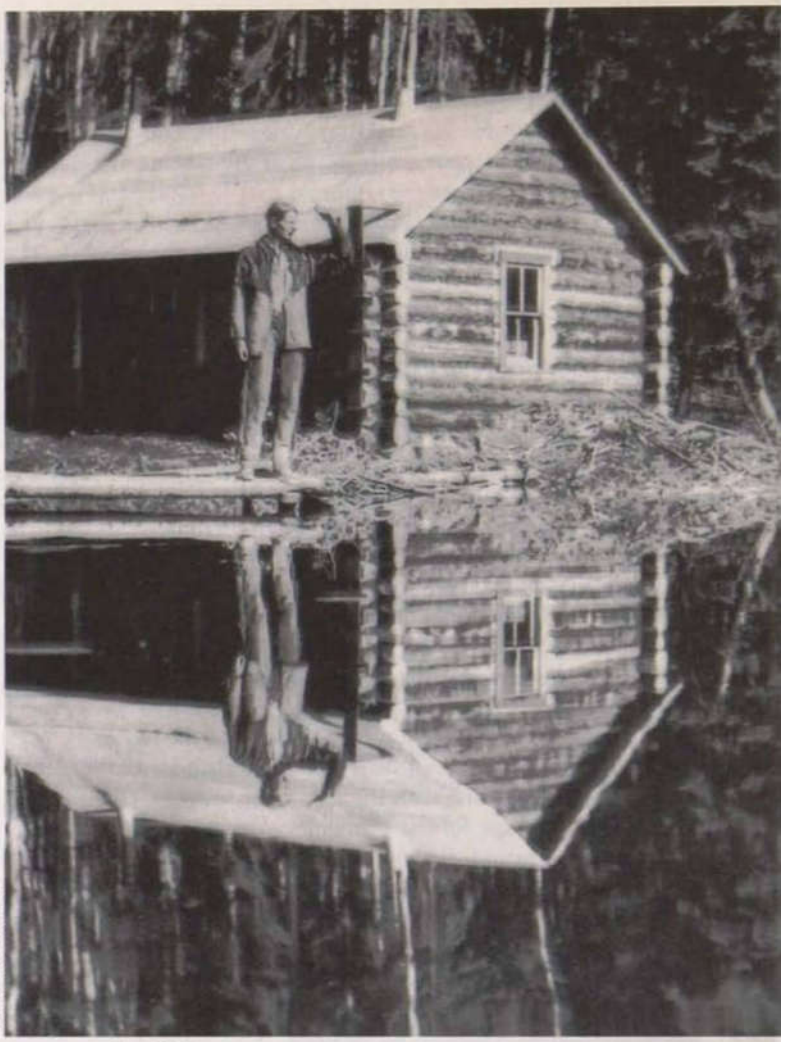
Meanwhile, in 1931, his first book, *Men of the Last Frontier*, was published in England under the name Grey Owl. The original manuscript showed the teeth marks of a beaver that tried to make a bed out of it. According to the *Times Literary Supplement*, it was "difficult to recall any record of the Great North so brilliantly and lovingly handled."

"Grey Owl is no stuffed Indian," said the *New York Times*. A year later the book appeared in Canadian school readers. Only one critic argued it must have been ghostwritten, since "no half breed trapper could pick up such an elegant style."

Eager to sell American rights to his books, he told Scribners editor Max Perkins, "I am an American myself and proud of it." His second book, *Pilgrims of the Wild*, sold fifty thousand copies in the U.K. alone. At Perkins' request he wrote a children's book, *The Adventures of Sajo and Her Beaver People*, since translated into eighteen languages. The prose, softly humorous, excels in his characteristic personification of animals: "I am afraid that their table manners were not very nice, as there was a good deal of rather loud smacking of lips and hard breathing to be heard, and they often talked with their mouths full." He also displays a full respect for the linguistic capabilities of children. Of young Sajo's beavers he writes:

> The larger one of the two was called Chilawee, or Big Small, and the not-so-large one was called Chikanee, or Little Small. Unfortunately they did not grow evenly; that is, one would grow a little faster than the other for a while, and then he would slack down and the other would catch up, and get ahead of him. First one was bigger than the other, then the other was bigger than the one! And it would be discovered that Little Small had been Big Small for quite some time, whilst Big Small had been going around disguised as Little Small ... It was all very confusing and Sajo had just about decided to give them one name between them and call them just "The Smalls."

In 1935 he undertook a gruelling British tour, lecturing three and four times a day to crowds so large that police were called in to control them. "I am Grey



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Beaver Lodge, Grey Owl's home, reflected in the waters of Ajawaan Lake in Prince Albert National Park. The home was constructed with a hole in the lakeside wall so beaver could enter the cabin directly from the lake. Beaver Lodge was also Grey Owl's last home; he died there in 1938. A few people had always known the truth about his identity, but remained silent until his death. The furor that followed after Grey Owl was exposed as an Englishman in native costume neutralized his conservation message for a generation. But in the 1930s, at a time of depressed economy and unsettled politics, Grey Owl's message of compassion toward living things was refreshing and optimistic.

Owl," he would begin. "I come from across the seas to tell you about my Canadian homeland." He was called the best writer on animals "in any language," and his books sold at the rate of two thousand a week. His British publisher, Lovat Dickson, a Canadian, wrote his biography, and for the next forty years refused to believe the man was anything but a Mexican-born half-Apache.

After four months and some three hundred lecture dates, he sailed for home. On board he drank heavily, ate only onions, and was noticeably ill, but off the Halifax shore he resumed regular meals and began work on *Tales of An Empty Cabin*. He was vilified by the press in Toronto for making an unflattering comment about the value of organized religion to the Indian, but in Ottawa he had dinner with the prime minister and was photographed by Karsh. Back in Prince Albert, his wife attempted to strangle him and then fled for California. By now his health was so broken, he could barely carry a pail of water. Despite that, he made it to Montreal where he married a woman named Yvonne Perrier, inexplicably signing his name Archie McNeil. There is no doubt Archie could be a determined suitor when he wanted to. (In the early days of his romance with Anahareo, he wrote her a letter spanning 104 pages.) But on the train back to Prince Albert, the bride watched her husband drink himself to sleep. In Prince Albert he was too weak to carry a pack.

Belaney was not content to be fascinated. He attempted to *become* ... and became the blue-eyed Indian the world wanted.

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Abruptly he sailed with his wife to England, where he gave a private lecture to the Royal Family at Buckingham Palace and started another British tour, though he'd barely survived the first one. He travelled 6,900 kilometres, gave 130 lectures, and was seen swallowing white pills by the handful. When it was over, the BBC refused to broadcast his farewell speech – it contained a reference criticizing fox hunting. Bitterly disappointed over this – and sick – he boarded the SS *Berengaria* for North America where he spent the next three months touring the U.S. and Canada, living on raw eggs and whisky. Finally, he returned to his cabin in Prince Albert and died there April 13, 1938, two months short of his fiftieth birthday.

In his brief life, Archie Belaney came to embody the great distances of his adopted country. By boat, by train, by canoe, by foot, by snowshoe, he was constantly moving. From the city to the bush, and back again, across the ocean and back again. He was always on the move, always searching for a native place in which to live, and to hide. Europeans were fascinated with the "Red Indian," but Belaney was not content to be fascinated. He attempted to *become*. Eventually he became the most famous Red Indian in the world. Even his speech, we are told, revealed "the true nasal twang of the Canadian Indian." He became the blue-eyed Indian the world wanted – not like the ones he once met hunched over stacks of law books in Osgoode Hall, memorizing the British North America Act – but on stage, whooping it up in a war dance and petting a beaver, the animal he once slaughtered and then almost single-handedly saved from extinction. He insisted the true custodians of the wilderness were Indians. He met kings and prime ministers, and begged them to put Indians in charge of the forest. According to John Diefenbaker he was the greatest conservationist that this nation has ever produced. "Like all great men," said Diefenbaker, "he had his warts."

As a child Archie Belaney knew that a secret waited for him in the forests of Canada. He came in search of it and in his own lifetime saw much of the forest disappear for good. He became the world's leading spokesman of the "calm and silent presence of the trees ... the trust and confidence of small animals. ... Without that," he wrote, "I am nothing." He saw the dams and the strip mines ripping into the land that he came to love. He wrote and worked himself to death in passionate devotion to keep that land alive. "I will stand on my head," he told Anahareo, "if it will make people listen." In attempting to start a new life, Archie Belaney dramatically rejected the old one – the world of Europe hell-bound for war and suffocated by machines and tyranny. Call me Grey Owl, he said. Archibald was a "high-sounding pretentious, cake-eating epithet, just Grey Owl, please."

Today, in some photographs, he looks slightly pathetic in full Indian headdress bought from a souvenir shop in London, England. His face is gaunt. He looks gravely ill. But in other pictures, entertaining an Ojibway boy confined to the Peterborough Hospital or paddling a canoe on a wild river, he appears triumphant, a smile of pure contentment on his handsome face. In these moments, he is the most successful impostor, the man who in all honesty told a reporter, "I'm just a round peg in a round hole." ◘

Peter Unwin is a Toronto writer with a special interest in the North and the Canadian frontier. His book, *The Rock Farmers*, is published by Cormorant Books.

ANGULALIK'S TRIAL

Steve Angulalik was a celebrity in Perry River, N.W.T., a man with a million-dollar smile – not the kind of guy who would go looking for a fight. But at a party New Year's Eve 1956, he found one. Or one found him. There was a death, an arrest, and then a trial. Robin McGrath looks at the clash of Canadian courts and aboriginal justice.

by Robin McGrath

Steve Angulalik, Cambridge Bay, August 11, 1941. In his day, Angulalik was probably the most photographed Inuk in the world. Margaret Bourke-White snapped his picture; *Life* and *Time* ran it. There were hundreds of articles about him. But the cosmopolitan world seemed to forget that Angulalik, for all his charm and poise, lived a traditional life, wringing a living from a harsh climate as his ancestors had done for generations.

Inset: The author examining papers at Perry Island, 1984. The collection is now with the Prince of Wales Archives in Yellowknife.

ANGULALIK FAMILY COLLECTION

On January 17, 1957, a letter arrived on the desk of Bill Heslop, the Hudson's Bay Company trader in Cambridge Bay, Northwest Territories. The letter, typed in Inuktitut with the name Angulalik at the bottom, lay unregarded on Heslop's desk for some time. The trader assumed it was a request for supplies from the Inuit trader, Steve Angulalik, at Perry River, opposite Victoria Island on the Queen Maud Gulf. A copy of the letter was also delivered to Corporal Edward E. Jones of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachment in that community. When the letter was eventually translated for the two men, it caused quite a stir.

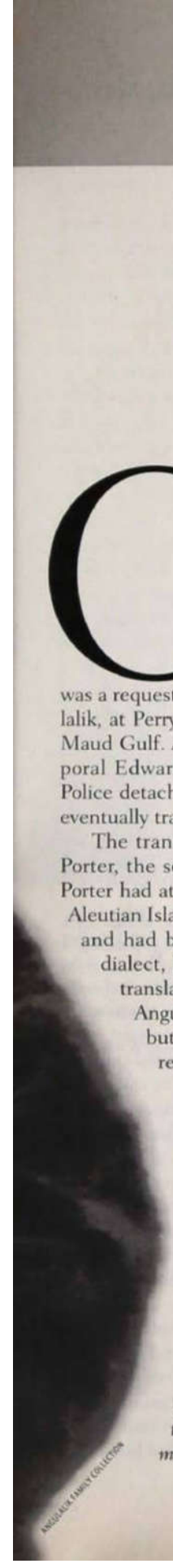
The translator they engaged was George Washington Porter, the son of a white whaler and an Alaskan woman. Porter had attended the Methodist Episcopal School in the Aleutian Islands, was fluent in his mother's Inuktitut dialect, and had become familiar with Angulalik's Inuinaqtun dialect, but his English was somewhat fractured. The translation he produced is an inaccurate reflection of Angulalik's command of a number of Inuit dialects, but it is the translation that made its way into the records and, as such, must stand:

> *I say a few words to the police. I got scared of man and ran away from him. Since long he been go after me. How I get mad with him Otoiak, I don't want to kill him. I couldn't help it. With a knife. In a party and drinking. And I poked him. He got after me and I couldn't help it. People. Happy amongs them. Lots of people. Lots of them. They are fighting among them. He caught me and I poked him. In Norman's house. I was drunk. After that for myself when he died, when I got sober I like to kill myself. I was think about my family. Got nobody to watch for them and nobody to keep them. I don't know that when he go after me. I got scared of him. I don't want to do anything bad for the people. He been bothering me. He been go after me. Since a long time. He go after me and I got scared of him. I did it.*

The translation, poor as it is, reveals dignity and despair. There is no pride or dissembling here – just a flat admission of the events and an obvious appeal for outside intervention. Angulalik was drunk. He poked a man. The man died.

Corporal Jones, accompanied by Special Constable Nahogaloak, set out for Perry River and found things to be much as Angulalik had described them. They recovered the body of a hunter called Otoetok (the Otoiak of Angulalik's confession), packed it onto a sled for removal to Cambridge Bay, and with Angulalik headed back to Cambridge Bay to face a coroner's inquest. Bill Heslop, the Hudson's Bay trader, acted as coroner and sent the body south for an autopsy; Angulalik, too, was sent south to Yellowknife for a preliminary hearing. The *News of the North* for February 12 carried the headline ESKIMO HELD HERE FOLLOWING ARCTIC SLAYING DURING BRAWL, and coverage included a lurid and inaccurate description of how word of the "murder" first reached Cambridge Bay "with the body of the victim lashed to a sleigh, the knife still sticking from him." By the time Angulalik was committed to trial, some notion of the accused's status had emerged in the south and the headlines doubled in size: ANGULALIK SENT TO TRIAL FOR MURDER.

There has never been any real disagreement as to the facts in the case, though there has been much about the incident that has been ignored, misunderstood, suppressed, and overlooked. However, court transcripts, memoirs of those involved in the death and the subsequent trial, and the testimony of family and translators are relatively consistent. In the early hours of January 1, 1957, there was a New Year's Eve party taking place at Norman's Eevilik's house on Flagstaff Island, which is at the mouth of the Perry River. The Perry River people had been taught to make home-brew by Morris Pokiak, a half-Inuit, half-black schooner engineer from the Western Arctic, and they had brewed up a good supply with which to ring out the old year and ring in the new, like hundreds of thousands of other Canadians across the country. In



ANGULALIK FAMILY COLLECTION

From the moment Angulalik became a licensed free trader, he attracted the interest and attention of the outside world.

the course of this particular New Year's Eve party, however, a man was fatally injured, and Steve Angulalik appeared to be responsible.

New Year's Day had for many years been promoted by the predominantly Scottish Hudson's Bay Company traders as a day of gathering and celebration in the Canadian Arctic. It was the day the trader took the census, and to ensure that everyone was present, the company sponsored shooting matches, tugs of war, and races for all ages. Everyone who took part got some small prize, such as needles, scissors, ammunition, and candy. As the trader gave out the prizes, he took the census, recording the names and disk numbers of all those present, noting who had died, and documenting the names and gender of children who had been born in the camps. These records were handed over to the RCMP and were used for issuing rations and organizing educational and medical services. At Perry River, Angulalik was the trader, so it was he who took the census and he who supplied the prizes. He took this job very seriously, and in his private papers (today housed at the Prince of Wales Archives in Yellowknife) are the original census lists and even the targets for the shooting matches, with the participants' names printed next to their shots.

Angulalik's position as trader was unusual, and in many ways unique. Inuit have always been traders in a small way, and probably Angulalik had done his share of "swapping" in his youth, but the step from a bow-and-arrow hunter to a fully licensed trader was a big one.

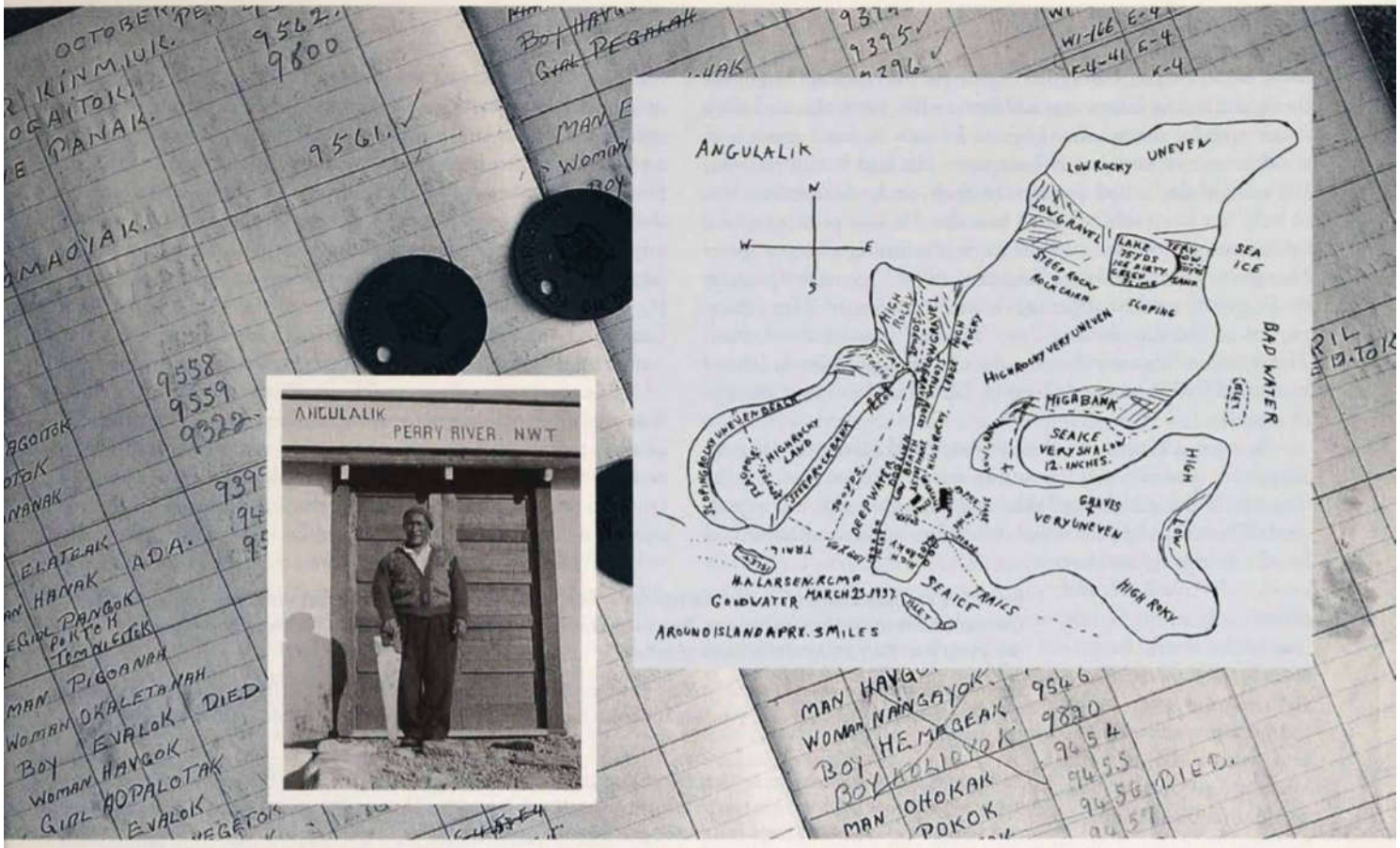
Angulalik was born in approximately 1898, on the Arctic coast near the Ellice River, which flows into Queen Maud Gulf. He first appears in documentary records in Knud Rasmussen's *Report of the Fifth Thule Expedition* when, in November of 1923, Rasmussen and Hugh Clarke of the Hudson's Bay Company did a survey of fifteen Kidlinirmiut families. Angulalik was, at that time, living with seven other families in the area of Clarke's post and was a successful hunter with two wives, Koloahok and Kuptana, and two children, Kaitok (Rowena), and Oakoak (George), an adopted son. He later adopted another boy, Nakoyak (Jimmy), from George Washington Porter. Life for the people of Angulalik's camp was in a state of transition at this time. Traditionally they spent their summers on the Kent Peninsula between Bathurst Inlet and the Queen Maud Gulf, fishing for char and hunting caribou. Towards the end of July, they would follow the large herds up from the Ellice River towards the coast. As fall approached, they moved west to fish, and for the winter, they went eastward again and set up sealing camps on the ice.

With the introduction of firearms into the area in the 1920s, the caribou and musk ox on the Kent Peninsula began to disappear. Angulalik and the others had rarely hunted caribou in winter simply because it was too cold for archery, which required bare hands. Seal hunting allowed a waiting hunter to tuck his hands up his sleeves, but this was impossible with caribou hunting. Guns, however, changed that, since it was not necessary to get close to the animals to kill them. Within a few years the caribou herds were decimated. In 1924, the group began moving further east along the coast, past Ellice River towards new hunting grounds around the mouth of the Perry River. In 1926, the HBC set up a post at Flagstaff Island – and the Canalaska Trading Company began to bring supplies in as well – to pick up fox furs, which were selling for excellent prices in the south at that time.

The Canalaska Trading Company was formed in 1924 by Captain C.T. Pedersen after RCMP began stopping American ships seventy-five kilometres east of the Alaska-Yukon border at Herschel Island, to enforce customs and shipping regulations. Using a Canadian company and a Canadian registered ship, the *Nigalik*, Pedersen was able to ply his trade east of Herschel. When a regulation was introduced in 1926 that restricted trading to fixed locations, Pedersen first established land bases and then helped natives set up their own posts. He became their supplier, advancing credit for goods, arranging for schooners, doing inventories for them, and providing dozens of other courtesy services that kept them in competition with the HBC.

In 1928, a year of dreadful epidemic at Herschel, Pedersen brought Angulalik into the trading business. Things had been going very badly for the HBC in all of the Western Arctic, but the Queen Maud Gulf area was particularly disastrous. Pedersen's man in Perry River was former HBC trader Hugh Clarke, assisted by George Washington Porter, who had been a deck hand for Pedersen on the *Elvira* and who later served in the U.S. Army. Porter was more than just a paid employee and certainly more than a post servant such as the HBC hired, so when the government decided on little or no evidence that the Perry River area was being overhunted and withdrew trading licences from both Canalaska and the HBC, Pedersen simply moved Clarke and Porter over to Cambridge Bay and suggested that Angulalik, who had often helped Porter out and who had displayed an aptitude for business, apply for a licence as a free trader. Licensed native free traders were rare and were usually the children or wives of white traders, so when Angulalik, a full-blooded Copper Inuk, applied for a licence, the government felt obliged to issue it to him.

From the moment Angulalik became a licensed free trader, he attracted the interest and attention of the outside world. Barely five feet tall, he was a handsome, perfectly proportioned Inuk with a gracious manner, a gorgeous smile, and outstanding hunting skills. Whether entertaining aristocracy in his home or standing on the deck of his forty-foot



Angulalik's census book with unissued disks. As trader at Perry River, Angulalik took the census at New Year's gatherings and then handed the records to the RCMP. At trial, the RCMP testified that Angulalik had never performed any services, official or otherwise, for the federal government.

Inset, left: Angulalik at the Perry River post.

Inset, right: A line drawing map of Flagstaff Island showing Angulalik's post, graves, igloos, etc., prepared by RCMP Inspector Henry Larsen with help from Angulalik, March 23, 1937. Norwegian-born Larsen was mapping much of Queen Maud Gulf in preparation for his attempt on the Northwest Passage, which, as skipper of the RCMP schooner *St. Roch*, he was the first to traverse from west to east between 1940 and 1942.

schooner, the *Tudlik*, Angulalik had a poise and elegance that drew people to him. Writer Anna Rokeby-Thomas, wife of an Anglican missionary in the area, wrote that Angulalik "had a charm and polish I've never seen in another Eskimo. He would sit in our best chair with the dignity of an aristocrat." She thought he had "a mandarin handshake and a million-dollar smile." Frank Milne, an HBC trader, thought a visit with Angulalik was a real treat, and recalled that he kept a fishing net on a nail on the back wall to work on if his hands weren't otherwise occupied. "He reminded me of Mahatma Ghandi – he just had to be doing something." When RCMP Inspector Henry Larsen was asked why Angulalik did not discard one of his wives in accordance with Canadian law, he replied that "Angulalik happened to be a gentleman as well as a heathen."

Photographs of Angulalik indicate that he was not just a charmer, but something of a Beau Brummel also. His wives competed to make him the most wonderful traditional clothing, some of which can be found in museums today, and Pedersen's wife also ordered clothes for him from the south. If he were working on his boat in the spring, he would put on work pants and a plaid shirt like any other trader, but he would add a spiffy beret tipped to one side, or a dashingly full salt-and-pepper cap. He was likely to turn up in Cambridge Bay in a white shirt and tie topped with a sheepskin-lined leather bomber jacket or some wonderful piece of apparel from Alaska. He was reputed to own a leopard-skin parka, and certainly owned parkas made from cowhide and trimmed with exotic furs. He even owned a businessman's uniform – a blue serge suit. When, in 1935, he was one of two Canadian

Inuit awarded the George V Silver Jubilee medal, Angulalik thought it a very becoming addition to his wardrobe and wore it for special occasions. Queen Elizabeth later gave him another medal to keep it company. He and his third wife, Ekvana (Mabel), had twelve children, so he learned to sew to help her keep their clothes in order. He was photographed by numerous visitors to the north, including photographer Margaret Bourke-White, French author Viscomte Gontran de Poncins, and ornithologist Sir Peter Scott. The newspapers of the day dubbed him "Dapper Dan of the Arctic." There were literally hundreds of articles written about him, and his photo appeared in *Life* and *Time* and dozens of books.

To a great extent, all the publicity and attention given to Angulalik made it easy for southerners to forget that, for the majority of the year, Angulalik lived a life that was not a great deal different from that which his father and grandfather had lived in the previous century. While he could afford to feed his family "out of the shop," he preferred to provide them with the country foods that they were used to and which kept them healthy in one of the world's harshest environments. He still hunted and fished, and frequently chose to do it the hard way, using harpoon and bow rather than net and gun. He was said to be the last man in the north to hunt a polar bear with nothing more than a spear and knife, and he did it, apparently, just to prove he could. In winter, when the people of Perry River went out and built their igloo camps on the sea ice, he and his family went with them, travelling back to the trading post only to pick up occasional supplies. He could neither read nor write, and he refused baptism until after his first two wives died and he was to be remarried. He never had a bank account. He spoke no English.

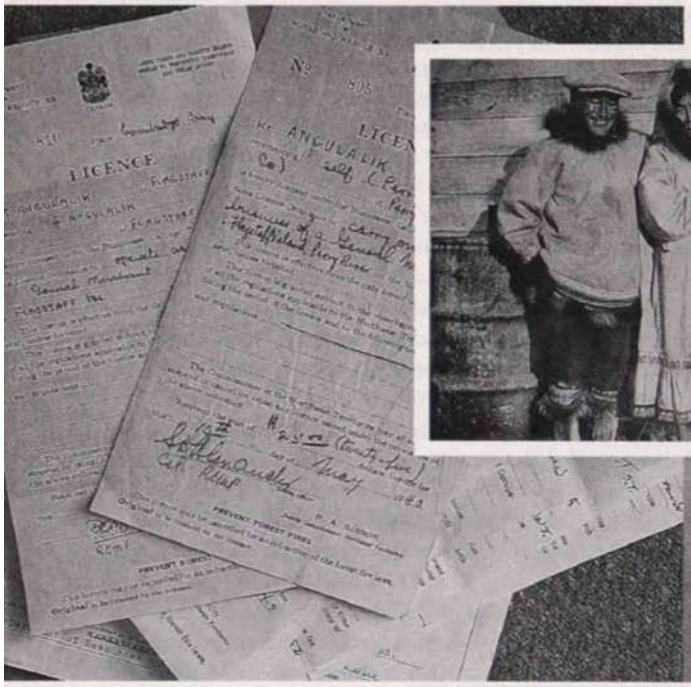
This, then, was the man who came up before Judge Jack Sissons: an entrepreneur who had earned a fortune and given it away to his community, a man whose natural charm and gentle manners were taken for sophistication and worldliness, a person who was virtually the sole illiterate in a community where most people could at least read the prayer

Below, left: Angulalik's trading licences. Licensed native free traders were rare in the Arctic, but when Angulalik applied the government felt obliged to issue him one. The trading licences made him an important man in the community and removed him a step from the traditional Inuit hunting culture.

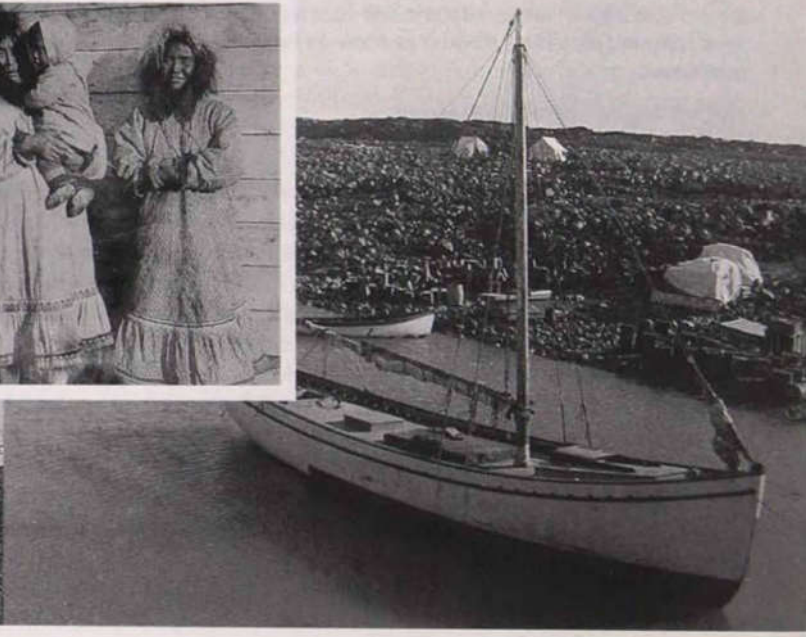
Inset: Angulalik with co-wives Kuptana (holding foster son Donald Ayalik) and Koloahok in 1937. Though Canadian law forbade polygamy, multiple marriages were generally ignored in the north. Koloahok died in 1938; Kuptana in 1939. Angulalik remarried in 1941.

Below, right: Angulalik's schooner *Tudlik* at Perry Island. The boat was purchased through Captain C.T. Pedersen of the Canalaska Trading Company in 1929, the man who brought Angulalik into the trading business. She was a heavily built, broad-beamed craft with a diesel engine and cargo space for several tonnes of gear and supplies.

ANTONIA MCGRATH



ANGULALIK FAMILY COLLECTION



The wound was reported to be the source of some satisfaction to Otoetok, who evidently took pride in having provoked the affable trader to violence.

book; a hunter who still made all his own tools by hand and who had never allowed his traditional skills to deteriorate, despite his unlimited access to modern guns and equipment. Angulalik, one of the few contact-era Inuit ever to compete with white people on their own terms, was also one of the few who, having established contact, could have turned his back on white society and white technology at the drop of a hat and returned immediately to the hunting-gathering life.

What happened on January 1, 1957, has had to be pieced together from court transcripts and written and oral accounts, because in Angulalik's lifetime he never made any attempt to clarify the record. He did not testify in court, nor did he discuss the matter with his non-Inuit friends, although he did retain among his papers a carbon copy of the famous letter to the RCMP.

Otoetok, the man whose death Angulalik took responsibility for, was a big man who loomed over Angulalik's five-foot frame. He had a reputation as a bully and a braggart, and his two sons, who were said to take after him, had developed the habit of helping themselves on the sly to the contents of Angulalik's store. Most people in the community, Angulalik included, were aware of what was going on, and exhibited passive disapproval as a corrective measure, but to no avail. On one occasion Angulalik confronted one of the boys and forced him to return the item he had stolen. Otoetok, who resented Angulalik's prosperity and had commented on it in the community, felt humiliated and angry over the incident, and from that moment on held a grudge against the trader. He frequently threatened Angulalik in front of people and told all and sundry that he intended to kill him at the first opportunity. That opportunity arrived at the New Year's Eve party at Norman Eevilik's house.

Compared to an igloo or a tent, Eevilik's house was large, but it was really just one room. On the night of December 31, 1956 it was packed so full of visitors from the settlement and outlying camps that it was difficult for anyone to see or hear exactly what was happening. Otoetok threatened Angulalik – that much is known – and he pushed him around the room so that Angulalik even climbed over the beds in his attempt to put some distance between himself and his avowed enemy. Some of the camp people, unaware of the hostility between the two men, thought that the fracas was a wrestling match and shouted encouragement to one or the other. Those Perry River natives who were sensitive to what was happening were reluctant to interfere and did nothing.

It has been suggested by a number of Angulalik's nonnative friends that the heat, the home-brew, the press of bodies in the tiny house, and the repeated threats of the bigger man caused Angulalik to suffer a fatal moment of panic. What is certain is that Angulalik took a small knife from his belt, one he used for cutting food, and "poked" Otoetok to make him back off. The small blade seemed to do little damage, since Otoetok was wearing a bulky parka made of caribou fur, but it had the desired effect. Otoetok moved back and soon left the party. Angulalik, upset by the encounter, left a few moments later and went home to sleep.

The news of the altercation was all through the settlement by morning, for Otoetok had not gone to his own household but had spent the rest of the night visiting the igloos of those who had not been at Eevilik's. Angulalik's knife had caused a small cut on his forearm, not enough to cause him any discomfort, and it had pierced the skin of his abdomen, not deeply enough to do any internal damage but enough to slit both the outer and inner layers of skin. The wound was reported to be the source of some satisfaction to Otoetok, who evidently took pride in having provoked the affable trader to violence. In the hours following the fight, Otoetok visited half a dozen igloos, ate an estimated five kilograms of seal meat, and drank enough tea to float the *St. Roch*.

Otoetok's consumption of food that night – enormous by nonnative standards – should not have taxed the constitution of a normal Inuk, but on top of Norman Eevilik's home-brew, it soon began creating an evil brew of its own. The gas that follows any hearty meal of seal meat and blubber, and which makes dogsledding such an unforgettable olfactory experience, found its way through Otoetok's system. In the early hours of the new year, it discovered a possible new point of release. Otoetok's intestine slowly began to push its way out through the slit in his gut and made an interesting addition to the show-and-tell story Otoetok was carrying around the settlement. In one igloo after another, Otoetok told the story of how Angulalik had "poked" him, and he lifted up his parka to show the slit, now interestingly highlighted by a bulge of intestine.

As the doctor who later testified at Angulalik's trial pointed out, Otoetok would have been fine if he had put something like a bit of adhesive on the cut and gone to bed for a day. Unfortunately for all concerned, he did not do this. The bulge rapidly increased, and Otoetok's encounter with Angulalik was no longer funny. He was soon paralyzed with pain, six to eight inches of his intestine forced itself through the two-centimeter slit in the wall of his gut, and it became increasingly obvious that even a Band-Aid, had such a thing been available, could not help what was no longer a case of severe indigestion. Angulalik, upon hearing reports of Otoetok's condition, began praying for his recovery, but on January 4, after considerable suffering, Otoetok died of a strangulated bowel.

It was then that Angulalik sat down to prepare his letter to the RCMP in Cambridge Bay. Being unable to write himself, Angulalik dictated the letter to Norman Eevilik and then made

"The day after he died, when I sobered up, I thought of committing suicide, but I didn't because I have children."

a transcription of Eevilik's text in triplicate on his own typewriter, sending one to the police, one to Heslop, the HBC trader, and retaining one for his own files. A more professional translation gives a better idea of Angulalik's state of mind at that time:

> *I want to say a few things to the police. I was afraid and never thought of the consequences. For a long time Otoetok was after me; finally I got angry. I did not intend to kill him, but he kept after me and during a drinking party I poked him with a cutting knife because he kept bothering me. People were partying in Norman Eevilik's house; in the middle of all the people we were wrestling and it was there I poked him, while I was drunk. The day after he died, when I sobered up, I thought of committing suicide, but I didn't because I have children. I thought of my children and how they have no one else to support them. I was confused. This is my confession. I was afraid of him. I never bother anyone normally, but that one person kept mocking me. Otoetok was following me all the time and I began to be afraid so I poked him.*

Angulalik's trial, contrary to the usual practice at that time, was held in Cambridge Bay rather than Yellowknife. Judge Jack Sissons insisted on bringing the court to the people whenever possible, and it was Sissons' hope that by holding the trial in Cambridge Bay, Angulalik would have the chance to be judged by a jury of his peers – Inuit rather than white men. The judge's hope was short-lived, however, for the Crown prosecutor soon discovered that "Eskimos did not take a very serious view of a man using a knife instead of his fists." Sissons argued that this was exactly the reason why Inuit should be on the jury, but the prosecutor did not relent.

The Cambridge Bay court setting was certainly more equitable than a more southerly one would have been, however. The trial was held in an old RCAF Nissen hut that was so cold, even in May, that everyone, including the judge, wore his parka. The place was packed with Inuit. Besides the defendant Angulalik, there were his relatives, relatives of the victim Otoetok, witnesses, relatives of witnesses, interpreters, their relatives, and any number of observers. Sissons's desire that justice be seen to be done was certainly being fulfilled.

Nothing really new came out at the trial. Angulalik did not testify, and the letter he had sent confessing to the stabbing was ruled inadmissible because he was unable to read it back. He had not actually signed it until he was asked to do so by Corporal Jones some weeks after it was written. Heslop, who later became a magistrate and acquired the nickname Hanging Judge Heslop because of his rigid interpretation of his duties, made every effort to suggest that Angulalik could not only read and write, but he could also speak English and was merely pretending not to, a suggestion that was clearly not true. Corporal Jones was castigated for having accepted tea and food in Angulalik's house before charging him, despite the fact that he and his assistant had just made an arduous five-day dogsled journey in January. The Inuit witnesses, as they were represented by the interpreters George Washington Porter and James Kavana, knew little and said less. One witness, Patsy Topilikon, when asked how long he had known Angulalik, claimed to have known him since he was a small child. The court failed to ask him if he was related to the accused, who was his uncle, his

HEADFRAMES AND HONEYMOONS

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between the lines

ANGULALIK FAMILY COLLECTION

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Steve and his third wife, Ekvana, photographed in Cambridge Bay on their wedding day, August 11, 1941.

Inset: The Inuit community in Cambridge Bay, around 1939. Angulalik, in a leather flight jacket and tie, is in the back row centre. Writer Anna Rokeby-Thomas, wife of the area's Anglican missionary, is seated bottom right. "[He] had a charm and polish I've never seen in another Eskimo," she wrote, describing his "mandarin handshake and ... million-dollar smile."

father-in-law, and his foster-father, as well as his employer.

The doctor who performed the autopsy on Otoetok proved moderately interesting. He insisted that the victim had not died of a stab wound but of complications attendant upon the wound, and he made it clear that in his opinion the victim had, through his own negligence, contributed to his own death. He suggested that a man with as intimate a knowledge of anatomy as an Inuit hunter should have been aware of the consequences of a protruding bowel. In the doctor's opinion, the wounds were not extensive and would have been only moderately uncomfortable had Otoetok obtained or applied even the most basic first aid.

It was Sissons who was the star performer in his own courtroom. The judge had an established reputation for bending the rules as far as possible to accommodate native custom, and he made it clear to the jury that he considered the use of a knife rather than a fist to be irrelevant. His argument was that since an Inuit man was rarely ever without a knife to use as a tool or for eating, the knife was in effect the extension of the fist. The jury was to look upon the stabbing as if, provoked into anger, Angulalik had punched Otoetok in the stomach and through sheer mischance, Otoetok had died as a result of the blow.

It took the jury just over half an hour to find the defendant not guilty – for Sissons, a triumph of white justice over white prejudice. Today, however, it is impossible to prove beyond a doubt whether Otoetok's death was murder or manslaughter, but the evidence certainly suggests manslaughter. The disallowed confession, while making it clear that Angulalik was both drunk and angry when he injured Otoetok, also insists that Angulalik never intended to kill Otoetok. Such a confession, written in a condition of suicidal grief and guilt, would likely never have been written if Angulalik had consulted a lawyer, or even his pastor. Some HBC traders have privately voiced the opinion that Heslop, a committed company man, had a grudge against Angulalik because he was a com-

ANGULALIK FAMILY COLLECTION

HBC trader A.R. (Red) Pedersen on the dock at Perry Island. Angulalik's first trading post, on Flagstaff Island at the mouth of the Perry River, was moved by the HBC to Perry Island, eight kilometres away, where there was a more reliable water source. Pedersen coordinated the move and smoothed over the difficulties that resulted from Angulalik's trail. He and Angulalik remained lifelong friends.

petitor, and overstepped his authority by insisting that the murder charge be brought when it was clearly a case of manslaughter.

There is one other way of viewing the case, and that is as one of medical malpractice. The insistence of all the interpreters, George Washington Porter, James Kavana, and two formally trained interpreters from Cambridge Bay, all of whom used the term *poked* rather than *stabbed*, suggests that Angulalik may have been practicing a traditional form of Inuit medicine. Most of what is known to the nonnative community of the practice of poking comes from Alaska, where the tradition is being reintegrated into native community medicine, but Julia Haogak Ogina, community health representative with the Kitikmeot Health Board, reports that the practice is known among the Copper Inuit of Holman Island and is still used privately there. (Since some of those who practice poking are employees of government health agencies, and as poking is not considered a legitimate medical practice, there is an understandable reluctance to discuss the matter openly.)

Poking is the term used by Inuit in English for traditional bloodletting. Like acupuncture or the application of leeches, it is a medical treatment for a variety of illnesses, including mental illness that manifests itself as unseemly rage. To poke someone is to use a lancet of stone or metal to make shallow cuts that allow the bad blood to flow out of a person. To poke is to jab and withdraw. To stab is to strike someone with a knife without withdrawing. Angulalik insisted in the disallowed confession that he poked Otoetok and never intended to kill him, wanted merely to make him back off. All through the investigation and trial, the nonnative investigators used the term *stabbed*, and the native witnesses used the term *poked*. The two interpreters who retranslated the Angulalik letter insisted on the term *poked* and refused to accept the term *stabbed* when it was suggested.

According to anthropologists Mim Dixon and Scott Kirchner, who documented five cases of Alaskan poking, incisions were frequently done at the joints of the limbs, often the elbows or knees, or the back of the head. Approximately two to three centimeters long, usually made of stone or steel, a lancet or "poke" was equipped with a handle small enough

to fit in the hand and function as "an extension of the forearm" so that the correct pressure could be applied. One poke Dixon and Kirchner documented was made from a steak knife with a stainless steel blade. They also report that poking is considered a "cure of last resort," to be used only after other methods of cure have been tried, a caveat Angulalik might have done well to remember. It is impossible, in retrospect, to prove Angulalik was using traditional medicine in dealing with Otoetok, but the facts do not rule it out. The knife Angulalik used was a small, modified food knife with a relatively tiny five-centimeter blade. The wounds, inflicted on the forearm just below the elbow and low on the left side of the gut, were consistent with the approximate quarter-centimeter deep cuts inflicted in poking. Given that Angulalik was frightened, inebriated, and at least eight inches shorter than Otoetok, the cuts might well have been aimed at the elbow and hip bone.

As a trader, Angulalik was often called upon to administer medical treatment, and according to Larsen, on at least one occasion got into difficulty when he mistook gun cleaner for iodine. Given Angulalik's knowledge of traditional Inuit life, he was at least as likely to have tried traditional medicine as he was to have turned to nonnative remedies when someone was ill. On this occasion, he was perhaps even more likely since the illness was one that was not acknowledged by nonnatives. Overt anger, disliked in most societies, is particularly abhorred in Inuit society and is often seen as the symptom of insanity or other disease.

Whether it was murder, manslaughter, or medical malpractice, Angulalik certainly felt that he was responsible for Otoetok's death and was prepared to accept the consequences. He took what steps he could to ensure that his people at Perry River did not suffer starvation as a result of his absence. He arranged for the Hudson's Bay Company to take over his business, and when the trial was over, he went to work for the HBC as an assistant to the new trader on Flagstaff Island. The people of Perry River did not accept this change in the status quo easily after thirty years of trading with one of their own leaders, someone whose prestige was based on more than his power to extend credit. Shortly after this, HBC trader A.R. (Red) Pedersen, a lifelong friend of Angulalik, moved the entire post thirteen kilometres west and with the move began a new era in the life of the Kidlinirmiut people.

Today, more credence is given to Inuit traditional practices in the courtroom, the classroom, and the medical clinic. Slowly, nonnatives have begun to integrate native knowledge into their own lives, seeking out alternative forms of medicine, trying to treat anger rather than punish it, requesting healing and sentencing circles in cases of drug and sexual abuse. Courts take more time to understand the cultural context of crimes involving both natives and nonnatives. Most important of all, Inuit judges, lawyers, magistrates, doctors, and teachers are bringing Canada into the twenty-first century with a new, enlightened, broadened attitude towards its citizens of all cultures. ◘

Author's note: Due to the sensitive nature of the charges in the judicial case reviewed in this paper, many informants who were anxious to contribute information and opinions did not wish to be identified. Every reasonable effort has been made to distinguish between fact and opinion, and any errors or omissions are entirely the responsibility of the author.

Robin McGrath is a former academic now living in Beachy Cove, Newfoundland. She is the author of a number of books on the Inuit oral and written tradition, as well as several folk histories of Newfoundland communities.

COMING IN JUNE | JULY

The Beaver

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BY BARBARA KELCEY

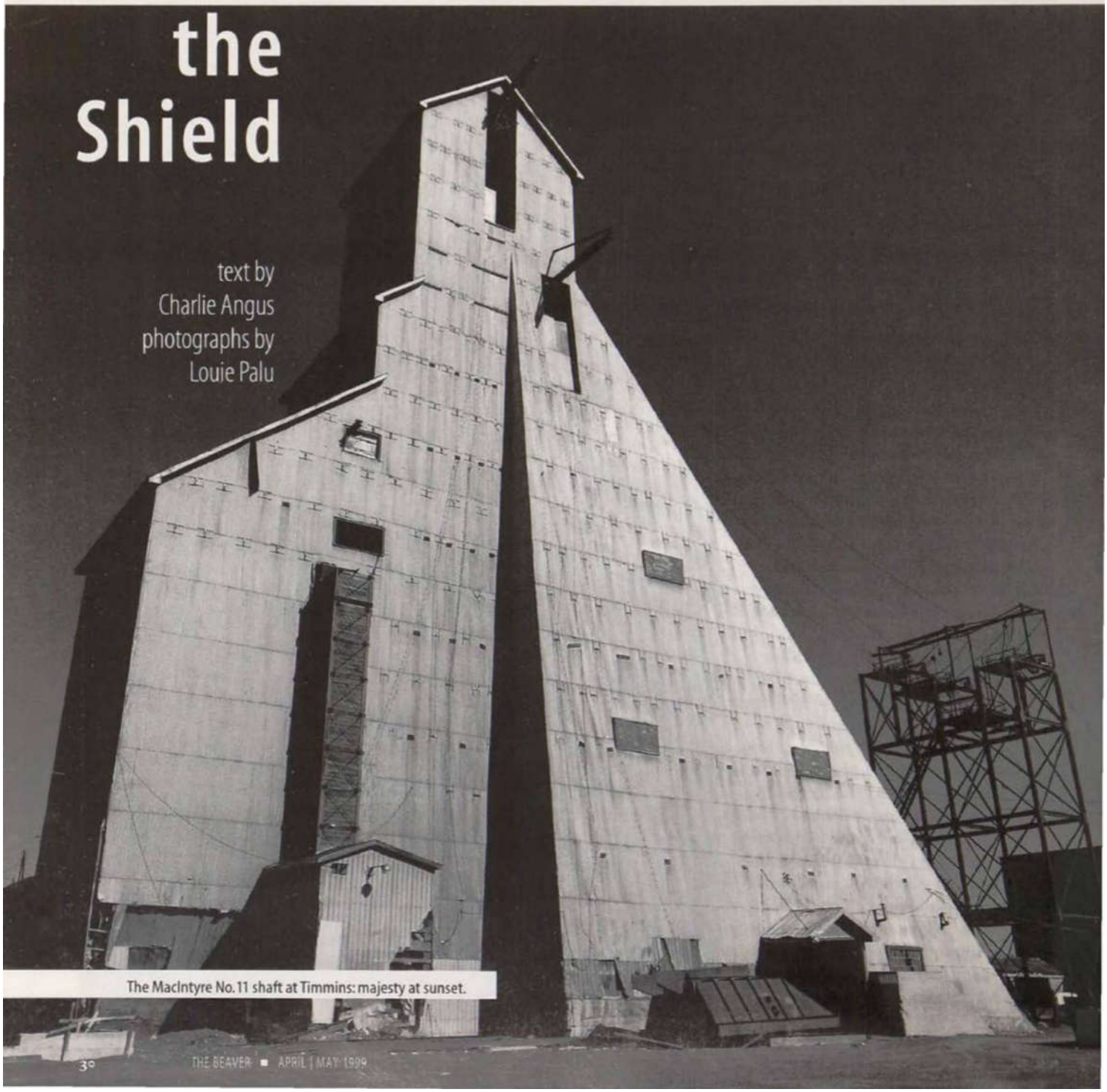
The Architect & the Lady
He'd designed Victoria's great public buildings but Francis Rattenbury's career – and life – were on the skids. Then he met dazzling Alma Pakenham. Overnight his luck changed; wealth and acclaim returned. But a price was paid. And paid in blood. BY PHILIP JENSEN

Voyageur Quest
Two centuries ago, fit young men regularly paddled the gruelling 2,500-kilometre trading route from Grand Portage to Cumberland House. Now, with no modern conveniences, two modern adventurers in a birchbark canoe retrace that route. The faint-hearted need not apply. BY IAN & SALLY WILSON

Kings of the Shield

Writer Charlie Angus and photographer Louie Palu spent five years documenting the industrial headframes that command the landscape of mining communities in northeastern Ontario and northwestern Quebec. The result, *Industrial Cathedrals of the North*, from which this article is excerpted, was published in March by Between The Lines Press.

text by
Charlie Angus
photographs by
Louie Palu



The MacIntyre No. 11 shaft at Timmins: majesty at sunset.

In the hardrock mining communities of northern Canada, the headframe is king. Northerners love to sketch, paint, and photograph mining headframes. The architecture is mimicked throughout the north. Whether it's the design of a funeral home in Kirkland Lake, Ontario or a tourist centre in Val d'Or, Quebec, there is a tendency to acknowledge, to pay homage to, the dominant architectural symbol of hardrock mining. These timber and iron monoliths have become metaphors, not just for an industry, but for one of Canada's unique blue-collar cultures.

In many ways, the headframe is just one piece of the complex infrastructure of underground mining: a tower built above the shaft, like the upper casing of a large elevator. Everything about the design is governed by basic principles of physics – leverage and resistance. And yet, the overall effect of height and angular form creates a striking impression on the northern landscape.

There are those, no doubt, who would find it hard to reconcile feelings of romanticism with these icons of resource extraction. For them, the headframe might merely symbolize human arrogance, the devastation of wilderness in the pur-

Sudbury's Frood-Stobie complex: world without end.

suit of profit. But it is precisely this relationship between wilderness and industrial activity that gives mining its allure.

One has only to see a lonely headframe rising above the timberline to realize that mining faces challenges unimagined in other forms of industrial activity. After all, capital cannot set the terms of where mining occurs. Nature sets the stage, demanding that the drama unfold in isolated wilderness. Those humans who come forth to struggle against such odds must be a rare breed indeed.

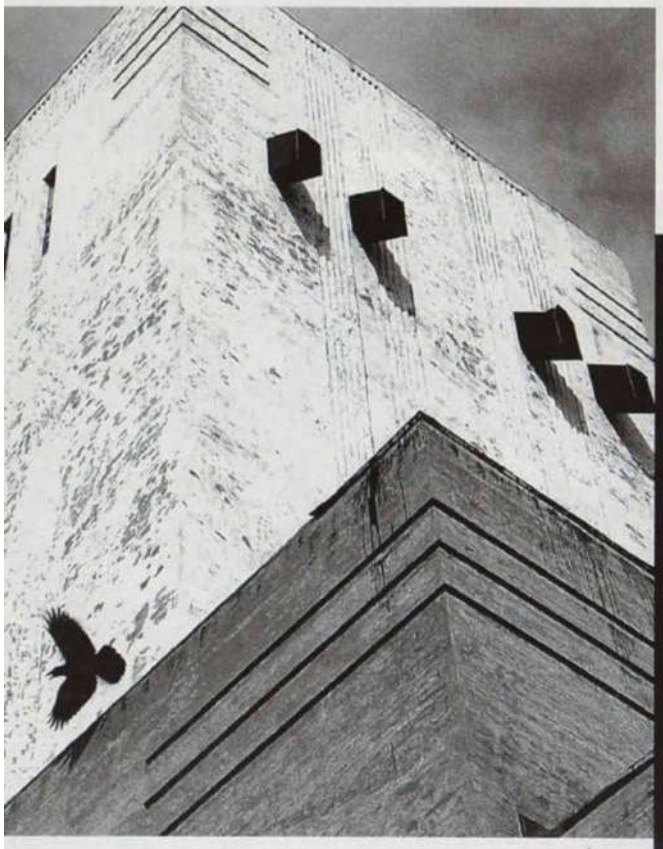
If the landscape is often unforgiving, the work environment of underground mining is even more so. Yet few workers are as connected to the shared memory of particular work sites as miners. Any lonely old-timer sitting in a beer parlour will be given a hearing if he starts reminiscing about the days of the liner drills and hand mucking. At the very least, younger miners will hear out his tired old tales. It's the respect shown to an elder.

This relationship extends to the places of work. Miners talk of specific mines the way sailors talk about individual ships, the way veterans invoke particular battles. The mine is seen as having its own character, a charisma. The longer it survives, the more respect it is due.

For miners, the headframe becomes a means to delineate who they are and what they do. When a new headframe is erected, it stands as a testament to the triumph and heartbreak of transforming the hard rock of the Canadian Shield into treasure. When a mine shuts down, the headframe remains as a cenotaph. Tear down this cenotaph and you attack a common memory.

These structures may be powerful symbols in the North, but they have been virtually overlooked by the dominant culture. Look up any glossy photo book of Canada and you'll see grain silos, the CN Tower, and old Quebec City. But you'll never see a photograph of the majestic McIntyre No. 11 shaft at sunset or the endless conveyor ways of the Frood-Stobie complex in Sudbury.

This lack of representation is perhaps a reflection of the alienation of the north from the hegemony of southern urbanization. But in other ways it reflects a larger cultural problem. Canada is a country that has always expressed itself in clichés safe enough to print on a salesman's calendar. After all, anyone can take a pretty photograph of Niagara Falls. I'll take the Buffalo Ankerite headframe rising like a forbidding skeleton on the old Porcupine back road any day.



TIMMINS

The Hollinger No. 26 shaft, with its crusher house and ore bins, hovers over the town of Timmins like a forbidding cityscape. The effect is intentional. When Hollinger Gold Corporation decided to expand its facilities in the 1930s, it built a feudal castle with art deco styling. The No. 26 shaft spoke volumes about the dynastic conceit of the largest gold operation in Canadian history. Other headframes, built of tarpaper and timber, betrayed the fly-by-night realities of many mining operations. But not the Hollinger complex. With its 1930s triumphalist architecture, this pseudo-skyscraper stood to remind every citizen living in the townsite below that because of Hollinger there was life.

The town of Timmins was the first-born of mining magnate Noah Timmins. He first set foot on this ground on New Year's Day 1910, having come north to take control of the claims he bought from barber-turned-prospector Benny Hollinger. His gamble paid off more successfully than anyone could ever have dreamed. The first wheelbarrow loads of ore were the first of sixty million tonnes of earth moved out of Hollinger's twenty-seven shafts. The payoff was over nineteen million ounces of gold (twenty times the payout of the Klondike's legendary Eldorado Creek). As Hollinger expanded, Timmins expanded. For half a century, the town lived by the edict that what was good enough for Hollinger was good enough for Timmins.

It is perhaps difficult for someone born on the settled lands of the populated south to understand the psychological hold of the company in a company town. In the

south, the land gives life. It is managed and pliable. It offers abundance and opportunity. But in the north there are few choices.

Try surviving outside the confines of the townsite in the dead of a northern winter. Northern Canada is defined by a geography that is overwhelmingly vast, where human community is little more than a scattering of isolated industrial outposts.

That these early settlers identified with the company was not merely a manifestation of Stockholm syndrome. Even those who hated the company and its iron hand in the velvet glove knew that without the good grace of the mine manager, these settlers would be cast adrift in a land that offered few alternatives.

But the companies were also captive to the harsh dictates of the northern wilderness. To maintain production levels, the company needed a stable and dedicated work force. Mining has always been dependent on skilled miners. But bunkhouse employees do not make for a stable work force. To entice men to bring their families and put down roots, the company had to be willing to pay for some amenities to offset the brutality of a northern bush camp.

The McIntyre Mine – one of the "big three" that included Hollinger and Dome – provided one day of grace in the year – the company picnic. The centrepiece of the picnic were the competitions where McIntyre men showed off their prowess at shovelling rock and running the drills. Under warm sunshine, they displayed to their wives and children what they did everyday in darkness and danger. The Dome Mine, in order to entertain its largely British work force, hired semipro soccer players from the old country. On top of this, the companies sponsored rival hockey teams, orchestras, and built curling rinks.

The big mines pursued a vigorous policy of hiring skilled athletes. In an era before television, it was quite common for crowds of over a thousand people to gather in one of two rival ball fields to watch as semipro ball teams McIntyre's MacMen and Hollinger's Gold Miners squared off. It was not all benevolence, of course. The sports programs were subsidized from monthly deductions off the miners' wages. But most would agree it was money well spent. The miners were treated to good entertainment, and the managers were able to engage in the fantasy of being something more than just the administrator of a mine.

It's been thirty years since the mighty Hollinger closed. Gone are the company ball teams, the company orchestra, the company townsite. Gone are the days when the mine manager was known and feared in the community. Now he is merely one part of a production team.

The changes are reflected in the architecture of many modern headframes. Most are merely functional and generic. Esthetics have given way to the bottom line. New headframes are designed to be dismantled, their parts recycled when the company moves on. Such buildings do not elicit praise. They are simply there.

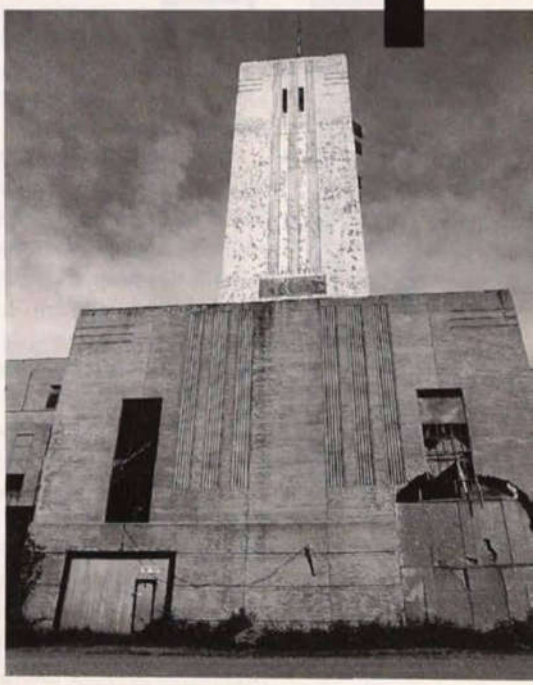
Miners have changed as well. Gone are the lowly paid workers of yesterday. Today's miners are highly paid professionals. Where an earlier generation found entertainment in the ethnic halls and social clubs, these miners are more likely to find entertainment from VCRs, occasional trips to the casino, or the summer cottage. Today's miners have choices. They have lifestyles.

Chances are, the boys who still gather to play baseball in the old Hollinger Park have never even seen the headframes of Kidd Creek or Hoyle Pond – the new mining powerhouses of Timmins. Few of them will spend their summers working underground as a way of saving up for college. Nor will they likely be enticed out to the old Hollinger ball field to watch a bunch of men play a game that nowadays belongs only to children or pros.

But still watching over the children from the third base line is the old No. 26 shaft, as mute and as alien as an industrial Stonehenge. A boy waiting near the batter's cage is asked if he knows the story behind the imposing concrete structure overlooking third base. The boy shrugs and dismisses it with authority. "That's just some old mine," he says.

Perhaps he's right.

Gone are the company ball teams, the company orchestra, the company townsite. Gone are the days when the mine manager was known and feared.



Hollinger No. 26 shaft at Timmins: the triumph of the will.

The Lakeshore headframe at Kirkland Lake: form follows function.

KIRKLAND LAKE

A coffee, a cruller, and a smoke. A world defined in beige tiles and maroon countertops. At first glance, one shouldn't expect there to be anything to distinguish the Tim Horton's in Kirkland Lake from the Tim Horton's anywhere else. It is a gathering place. The modern commons. On a bright winter's day, the coffee tastes the same as a Horton's coffee in Barrie or Guelph or anywhere else. The doughnuts occupy the same slots on the shelf. The only clue that this place draws from its own traditions is the view. Across the road, rising up from behind the shopping mall like a giant, industrial praying mantis are the stiff legs and sheave wheels of the Lake Shore headframe.

The mall is sitting on the site where the mill used to be. A hardware store has taken the place of the main offices of the mine. The bunkhouse is now a motel. Even the headframe is not the original one. The two distinct headframes of the Lake Shore were torn down in 1969. The new headframe was built by Lac Minerals in the 1980s when the company decided to try its hand mining the upper parts of the Lake Shore.

Kirkland Lake was built along a rich fault line of gold ore, known as the Mile of Gold. Of the seven major mines built along the Mile of Gold, only the Macassa Mine, occupying a large, desolate zone at the western edge of town, is left. All the other mines shut down in the 1960s, their sites, with one exception, torn down and paved over for residential and commercial use.

Sip your coffee and try to imagine what this place looked like when the giants still lorded over the land. It is 1934. The world is withering under the weight of the great depression, but in Kirkland Lake all things are possible. The price of gold has jumped from $20 an ounce to $34, turning the gold camps of the Porcupine and Kirkland Lake into mega-boomtowns. Nobody benefits more from the good times than Lake Shore mine owner, Harry Oakes. The way Harry tells it, he arrived in Kirkland Lake without a dollar back in 1911 and is now packing his bags for the Bahamas, having made $260 million. Harry wants to keep his money. He doesn't like the distinction of being the Dominion's largest taxpayer.

Harry might be a miserable sonuvabitch but the way he sees it, the Lake Shore is his treasure. He staked it. He developed it. And he turned it into Canada's industrial golden goose. By the end of the depression, it will have paid out an incredible $82 million in dividends.

Every ten days, the gold mines of Kirkland Lake and Porcupine add a million dollars to the stagnant provincial economy, so it isn't surprising that Premier Mitch Hepburn, under pressure from Kirkland Lake mine owner Bill Wright (who also happens to publish the influential Toronto *Globe*), tries to talk the opposition Conservatives into a coalition to fight the unionizing drive of the CIO (Congress of Industrial Organizations). Hepburn, like Oakes, is worried that the mines of Kirkland Lake will be fertile ground for union agitators. And like Oakes, the premier is adamant that no union is going to kill the golden goose.

In Harry's day, you can find whatever you want in Kirkland Lake – dancing, drinking, female comfort.

But you have to have money, which accounts for the daily lineup of men outside the offices of the Lake Shore. Every morning men from all over Canada gather in hope of getting hired on. When bodies are needed the shift boss comes out to take the pick of the lot. The rest can bugger off – either to rundown boarding houses or the more desperate to shanty camps on the edge of town.

If you're lucky to land a job you'd better be ready to produce. Don't bother complaining about the hard work, low pay, and shifts that can run seven days a week. After all, if you don't like it, there's four hundred guys waiting to take your place.

In 1941 gold production reaches its all-time high. But the bubble is set to burst. The miners, organized under Mine Mill Local 240, decide that it's time they took a bigger slice of the pie. But they are faced by a bigger union – the gold owners of Kirkland Lake – and behind them, the owners of all mines in Ontario. Both sides are digging in, intent on making Kirkland Lake a precedent for future labour relations.

It's a bad time to be drawing hard lines. In the war economy, the whole underpinning of the Kirkland Lake economy is crumbling. Gold is no longer king. Production priorities are switching rapidly to metals needed for the war effort. The great lineups of men are gone – either to the war or to the sudden boom of industry in the south. On top of that, many of the rich, easy-to-mine veins have dried up. Never again will the mines of the region be synonymous with easy money.

The strike plays itself out over the cold winter of 1941–42. The miners are eventually done in by economic attrition. The mine owners, intent on teaching the strikers a lesson, blacklist and evict many miners. But it is a pyrrhic victory. Many miners, angry and embittered by their treatment, leave town forever. Gone in this exodus of almost nine thousand people (one third of the town's population) are numerous skilled miners – the very men needed to handle the tricky ground at the Lake Shore.

By 1943 it's a whole different world. Harry Oakes is dead. Dividends from the Kirkland Lake mines have dropped by almost fifty percent. After ten years of gloriously easy money, the Lake Shore is now left with lower grade stopes (working areas) running into the dangerous and unstable depths. By the 1960s, the big Kirkland Lake producers are out of business.

Still, the new headframe on the Lake Shore road indicates gold producers still have an interest in Harry Oakes's plundered jewel box. There are riches even in the sludge of the old Lake Shore tailings, and richer treasure in the miles of tunnels snaking through the fault lines of the Mile of Gold. It mocks a landscape made safe enough for the doughnut kings – something to think about as you munch down the last of your cruller.

The O'Brien headframe at Cobalt: the pleasure of ruins.

COBALT

The day the company burnt the O'Brien, the old men were gathered outside the post office, all eyes on the black smudge hanging over the timberline. Bill McKnight stood with his hawk face defiant under unruly white hair barely tamed by a baseball cap. "They're stealing who we are," he said. "Soon there'll be nothing left at all." The other old ones, as if seeing bits of themselves in that funeral pyre, nodded grimly. "They shoulda left the damned thing alone," said one of them, shaking his head.

Sooner or later the wooden and tarpaper relics of a century-old mining boom had to disappear. The old men know this, but if the headframes must come down, let them fall to time and nature, not to some goddamned bureaucratic edict.

By all odds, time and nature should have taken care of the old O'Brien headframe and mill long ago. It had been in rough shape for years. When the mine closed in 1968, locals talked about turning the site into a mining vil-

lage, but nothing ever came of it. A fence was finally erected around the headframe to keep kids at bay. But the site continued to draw explorers. Locals looked to salvage timber and fixtures. Kids bent themselves into the ground to scuttle under the fences.

In order to keep youngsters from getting hurt, the company poured sand down the shaft. The sand, however, rotted the timber collar surrounding the shaft, and the earth subsided around the headframe. Slowly but steadily the structure began to buckle in on itself. Finally, the back of the headframe was broken. Yet the old O'Brien refused to fall.

Then the government intervened. Agnico Eagle Mines, which held the rights to many of the old mining properties, was closing its books on the Cobalt camp, and government regulations required that all traces of mining be erased from the landscape. In the winter of 1995, a bulldozer quickly toppled the headframe and mill into a meagre pile of timber and rubble. It was then torched.

"Tell me the landscape on which you live and I will tell you who you are," wrote Ortega y Gasset. Any of the old men hanging outside the post office could do the same. The dozen or so headframes sitting over depleted ore bodies allow people to say, "See, we are a mining town." But without the landmarks, without these physical links to a better past, the pathway to the future seems broken.

The tearing down of old mining landmarks is a relatively new occurrence. Part of the drive comes from companies, which are taxed on the value of all surface buildings, including headframes. Part comes from government, which wants to decommission old mine sites. For decades, mining companies simply walked away from their operations once the deposits were mined out. Communities like Cobalt were left with a legacy of poisoned streams, ruined landscapes, and impoverished tax bases. In response, governments have insisted that any new mining operations post bonds and provide clearly drawn-up closure plans. Once the mine is closed, the landscape must be reverted to nature.

But closure has had a bitter side effect in the mining community of Cobalt. Sure people want the old tailings ponds cleaned up and the terrible arsenic deposits covered over. They accept the fencing off of sites and the capping of shafts. But leave the headframes and mill foundations alone.

Bureaucrats speak in terms of liability – law and insurance. Locals, on the other hand, invoke the kinship of the elders: My father worked at the Lawson. My uncle sank the shaft at the Conisil. My family grew up on the O'Brien property. But it's a losing battle for the scraps. The marvelous silver riches that flowed like sidewalks through the gray shield rock are now just gouged pits. All that is left in the land of silver are memories. And now the memories are being demolished, fenced in, and paved over.

Is wilderness avenged by treating historical sites the same as modern mining endeavours? Is the view of the backpacker enhanced by removing from the landscape the few traces of human perseverance?

In an age of downsizing, the government has little interest in preserving this patchwork of broken-down mine properties. The company doesn't want to be burdened with the liability. And so it falls to the local community to justify, in the language of the bottom line, the value of these industrial relics. Come up with a plan to turn a way of life into a trinket trade, and your cultural artifacts may be spared. Give a value to your customs on a business spreadsheet, find a way to make it of interest to the tourists. But the reality is that many tourists do not come north to share the cultural history of locals. Rather, they come north in search of quiet lakes, free of locals and their motorboats, looking for a place to rest and recharge their batteries. They look upon the people who live off the earth's resources as heretics desecrating the cathedral that is wilderness.

In such a world view, mining is not an attraction, it is a blight on the landscape. But is wilderness avenged by treating historical sites the same as modern mining endeavours? Is the view of the backpacker enhanced by removing from the landscape the few traces of human perseverance?

Perhaps the pacification of these sites is a telling metaphor. This is the age of urban ascendancy. The North, which for so long was viewed as a source of pillage for urban development, is now to be protected as a back-yard getaway. Worshipping wilderness is how a consumption-driven society expiates its sins. But northerners are finding that the new taskmasters are much less giving than the old. After all, no one is more committed to low wages than the tourist.

If the children of miners and loggers are to find their fulfillment loading backpacks for eco-adventurers or changing sheets in quaint chalets, it would be better that there were no monuments to a prouder, tougher heritage. No reminders of the days when the headframe was king. ◘

Charlie Angus edits *HighGrader* magazine in Cobalt, Ontario. He is the coauthor of *We Lived a Life and Then Some: The Life, Death, and Life of a Mining Town.*

COLONIAL ADVOCATE,

And Journal of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce.

PUBLISHED BY W. L. MACKENZIE, QUEENSTON, UPPER CANADA. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1824.

COLONIAL ADVOCATE, *One Pound*, Halifax Currency, per annum; payable, if convenient, half yearly in advance. If sent by mail the postage is charged. Subscribers may withdraw their subscriptions at a day's notice. All letters and communications must be POST PAID.

WHITE and Coloured LINEN & COTTON RAGS received in payment of the Advocate, at 8 cents per pound.

FOR SALE, at Mr. Tannahill's store, 150 lbs. best ENGLISH CAST STEEL, at 1s. 3d. per lb. Niagara, May 24.

HATS AND FURS.

JAILED STOCKING offers for sale a select assortment of Ladies', Gentlemens', and Children's fancy HATS: also, Merino Wool Hats. Country merchants and dealers supplied on cheap terms. Boys hatting and shipping Furs bought at the highest price in cash. Niagara, May 27, 1824.

A. & J. J. BROWN,

Offer for sale at their stores in Queenston and Niagara a general assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, &c. Their prices are very low for cash or country produce. May,

HATS & FURS.

JOHN B. COLES Manufactures Beaver and youth's Hats of every quality, Ladies' caps made to order, and the highest price paid for Hatting Furs. Queenston, June

D. THORBURN,

HAS received, by the last arrivals, a store in the village of

Queenston,

an extensive assortment of GOODS, selected at the most respectable houses in Montreal and Quebec, consisting of

GROCERIES, GLASS WARE,
HARDWARE, CROCKERY,
OILS & PAINTS, LIQUORS,
IRON & STEEL, DRY GOODS,
HABERDASHERY & HOSIERY.

Amongst which are superfine and common Cloths and Cassimeres—Flannels assorted—Jeans—Kentuckeries and Bombazeens—Prints, Ginghams and Chintzes—India and English Cottons—Mull, Jaconett, Sprigged, Cambric and Book Muslins—Scotch, English and Irish Linens—White and red Serges—Printed Calicoes—Checks and Stripes—English Iron—Waggon Tire—London Patent Shot—Anvils and Vices—Crosscut and Mill Saws—Hand and Pit Saws—Shovels and Spades—Hollow Ware—Tea Trays—Knives and Forks—Razors—Pocket Knives and Scissors—Table Knives and Forks—Butcher Knives—Carpenters' Tools—Saddlers' Tools—Shoemakers' Tools—Cooperage—Locks, Latches and Screws—Nails—Glass—Window Sash—Putty—Paints—Oils—Varnish—Spanish Brown—Lamp Black—Yellow Ochre—Prussian Blue—Chrome Green—Vermilion—Rose Pink—Gold Size—Japan—Drop Black—Spirits Turpentine—Linseed Oil—Sperm Oil—Whale Oil—Tanners' Oil—Neats Foot Oil—Castor Oil—Olive Oil—Lamp Oil—Fluid—Hyson Tea—Young Hyson Tea—Gunpowder Tea—Imperial Tea—Souchong Tea—Coffee—Chocolate—Cocoa—Loaf Sugar—Lump Sugar—Brown Sugar—Molasses—Pepper—Allspice—Cloves—Ginger—Cinnamon—Nutmegs—Mace—Saleratus—Starch—Indigo—Madder—Logwood—Fustic—Copperas—Alum—Blue Vitriol—Saltpetre—Rosin—Tar—Pitch—Turpentine—Wafers—Sealing Wax—Wrapping Paper—Writing Paper—Letter Paper—Quills—Ink Powders—Ink—Slates—Pencils—Port Wine—Madeira Wine—Sherry Wine—Lisbon Wine—Claret—Cognac Brandy—Jamaica Spirits—Holland Gin—Old Rye Whiskey—Peppermint—Wine Bitters—Cherry Brandy—Anniseed—Shrub—Lemon Syrup—Soda Powders—Tamarinds—Raisins—Figs—Prunes—Almonds—Filberts—Pecan Nuts—Soap—Candles—Mould Candles—Mustard—Vinegar—Pickles—Catsup—Worcestershire Sauce—Cayenne Pepper—Pipes—Tobacco—Cigars—Snuff—Blacking—Brushes—Matches—Lamps—Lamp Glasses—Lamp Wicks—Shot—Powder—Flints—Percussion Caps—Fishing Lines—Fishing Hooks—Fishing Rods—Fishing Tackle—Hooks and Eyes—Pins—Needles—Thimbles—Scissors—Thread—Tapes—Bobbins—Ribbons—Riding Saddles—Bombazettes—Muslins—Scarlet and Drab Cassimere Shawls—Linens—Turkey Red Stripes—Checks—Derries—Black Crape—Blankets—Robe Patterns—Thread & Muslin Lace—Ginghams—Tea Boards—Iron and Steel—Britannia Metal Tea Pots—&c.

D. T. will dispose of his stock of Goods unusually low prices for cash or produce.

—LIKEWISE—

For Sale, on consignment, the following assortment of

HOLLOW WARE,

which he is instructed to sell, for cash or approved paper, at Foundery prices:

1 Potash Kettle & 3 Cauldrons,
72 One Pail Kettles—2 3 Pail do.
33 Six-quart Kettles,
15 Spiders and 7 Skillets,
1 Franklin Stove,
5 Template Stoves,
1 Saw-Mill Crank,
1 Drag Iron, and 4 Gudgeons.

Queenston, Aug. 17, 1824.

MEDICAL SCHOOL AT

St. Thomas

IN THE TALBOT SETTLEMENT, AND UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

THE HON. COLONEL TALBOT.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Medical School is opened at St. Thomas, in the Talbot Settlement, under the Direction of CHARLES DUNCOMB, Esquire, *Licentiate*, and the immediate patronage of *The Honorable Colonel Talbot*, where the Education of young men for the profession of MEDICINE AND SURGERY will be carefully superintended, and every opportunity afforded them to become practically acquainted with the structure and physiology of the human body.

Every student before admission is expected to have a complete knowledge of the Latin language, or to give satisfactory assurance of immediately acquiring it; for which purpose a competent Teacher will be resident in the village.

CHARLES DUNCOMB

will give a course of LECTURES ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

JOHN ROLPH

is expected to give the first course of LECTURES AND DEMONSTRATIONS, during the ensuing season, on the ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

St. Thomas, August 5, 1824. 6w11

CHIPPEWA

The subscriber respectfully informs his customers that all OUTSTANDING DEBTS must be settled, must be paid between now and the first day of January next, otherwise he will be compelled to enforce payment by law, which

W. L. MACKENZIE,

Queenston,

HAS FOR SALE,

School Bibles and Testaments, Catechisms, Slates, Scars', Webster's and Murray's Spelling, Murray's English Reader, Grammar and Abridgment, Smith & Little's Church Music, Black Lead Pencils and Cases, Durable Ink, Writing Ink, Ink Powders, Arithmetics, Ready Reckoners, Blank Deeds, Memorials, Recognizances, Summonses, Warrants, Notes, Receipts, &c. Drawing Paper, Flute Tutors, Mathematical Instruments, Violin Strings, Tutors and Pegs, a Cobourg ink stand.

Belinda, 2 vols. The Pirate, History of Spain, 3 vols. English Musical Repository, Campbell, 3 vols. The Entail, Buchan's Medicine, Las Casas' Buonaparte, 2 vols. O'Meara's Voice, History of the West Indies, Sonnini and Denon's Travels, Key on Lees, Preacher's Manual, Abercrombie's Gardening by Mawe, &c.

STEAM BOAT ONTARIO.

L. WRIGHT, *Master*.

This Boat will sail as follows the remainder of the season, wind and weather permitting.

GOING DOWN, she will leave Niagara, at 4 o'clock, P. M. Sept. 18th and 27th, and October 6th and 15th.—Genesee River, at 4 o'clock, P. M. Sept. 11th, 19th, and 28th, and October 7th and 16th.—Sacket's Harbor, at 9 o'clock, P. M. Sept. 12th, 20th, and 29th, and October 8th and 17th.

RETURNING, she will leave Ogdensburgh, at 9, P. M. Sept. 13th, 21st, and 30th, and October 9th and 18th.—Sacket's Harbor, at 4, P. M. Sept. 14th and 23d, and October 2d and 11th.—Genesee River, at 4, P. M. Sept. 16th, and 25th, and Oct. 4th and 13th.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

	Cabin.	Fo'd Cabin,	Deck.
From Niagara to Genesee River,	$3.	$2,	$1,50
Genesee River to Sacket's Harbor,	$3.	$3.	$2.
Sacket's Harbor to Ogdensburgh.	$3.	$3.	$2.

Returning the same.—Freights and Families will be carried on reasonable terms, and good attention paid to the receiving and delivery of them. ☞ *Agents for the Boat*

Hotchkiss & Woodruff, *Lewiston*; William

RICHARD THOMPSON, & Co.

RESPECTFULLY beg leave to announce to the public that they have opened a store

At Waterloo,

(Near Port Erie.)

With a general assortment of GOODS, which they will sell at as reduced prices as any other establishment in the Province. ☞ Printed Handbills containing a catalogue of their stock may be had at the store.

GROCERIES—Teas, Sugars, Coffee, Chocolate, Raisins, Mustard, Vinegar, Soap & Martin's Blacking, Brushes, &c. &c.

SPICES—Pepper, Allspice, Cloves, Ginger, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, &c.

LIQUORS—Jamaica, Hollands, Cognac Brandy, Port and Teneriffe, Shrub, & Peppermint.

GLASS—A variety of useful and ornamental articles in this branch.

CROCKERY—China and Common Teas, & several Crates of Ware assorted for family use.

HARDWARE—Furniture Mountings, Carpenter's and Cabinet Maker's Tools, Saddler's Mounting, Table Knives, Gun-powder & Shot, Mill and Crosscut Saws, House door and other Locks, Nails, Screws, &c. &c.

IRON & STEEL—English & Swedish Iron, Crowley, Blister, and German Steel.

[illegible] Ale, and for further particulars apply to the proprietor, JAMES HILLBORN,

near John Erb's mills in *Waterloo*.

Waterloo, Sept. 21, 1824. 3m14

FROM MY PORT FOLIO.

To make Candles of a durable nature.—To ten ounces of mutton tallow add a

The following lines, written by a gentleman in this District, in memory of Mr. ROBERT GOURLAY, we have great pleasure in giving to our readers. There are many in Canada which can feel for this ill-fated man in his present situation; there are many who, as they read the following stanzas, will drop a tear of commiseration at his wayward fate.—

THE BRITISH EXILE.

Oh England, dear seat of the free,
Whose olives of peace o'er the world wave,
Oh cherish the virtue that sighs for
Oh justly freely the Britons Exile

Oh Scotland, sweet wat of the brave!
Thy shores gave him birth, and
form'd his mind;
Oh raise the strong voice of each
To plead the just cause of the Br

Oh Ireland, of sorrow, inhaling the
Who know'st the keen pangs of
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O'er the grave where he lies

He had left his home in his y
With his father's sword and
He stood with the valiant sid

Fighting Words

by Chris Raible

One hundred and seventy-five years ago this May, a little-known Scots-born merchant named William Lyon Mackenzie began printing a newspaper whose vigorous commentary galvanized the people of Upper Canada. Chris Raible gives us a glimpse into the first thoughts of the man whose passionate advocacy of reform would one day lead to rebellion and to the establishment of self-government in Canada.

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude, that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers.

—Richard Hooker (1554?–1600) quoted in *Colonial Advocate*, May 18, 1824

On May 18, 1824, William Lyon Mackenzie produced in Queenston the first issue of a new publication, 'the *Colonial Advocate*. His purpose was nothing less than the political reformation of Upper Canada.

At the time a total political unknown, the new editor rashly affirmed his intention "to discuss the merits of public men and public measures, with a freedom and plainness rather unusual in the greater part of our colonial publications."

In his first issue, he boldly declared:

- **Money is in the hands of a few of the persons in the government employ, and in the hands of nobody else …**
- **We [will] investigate the cause of [Lieutenant Governor] Sir Peregrine Maitland's inactivity … We will carefully go over the principal matters connected with his administration … for the present we cannot remember anything he has done of a public nature worth recording …**

In the background: The Thursday, September 30, 1824 edition of the *Colonial Advocate*. A little over a month later, Mackenzie would move his entire operation from Queenston to York, the provincial capital and the centre of political life.

ARCHIVES OF ONTARIO

P-80

William Lyon Mackenzie was a central figure in pre-Confederation political life. Born in Scotland in 1795, he emigrated to Canada in 1820 and made his living as a merchant, first in Dundas, then in Queenston, before starting the newspaper whose critiques challenged the oligarchic rule of Upper Canada's elite, known disparagingly as the Family Compact. HERITAGE TORONTO

- **We want churchmen who would come up to, or nearly to the picture of a gospel minister ... lovers more of the flock, than of the fleece ...**
- **Far be it from us to desire to bring into disrepute the government of this country; yet we will not fail to point out their errors. Ridicule shall not be spared: it may effect our purpose when grave argument would fail. Satire properly directed is a most powerful weapon! how few can withstand it ...**
- **We would fain hope that ... some of the cursed restrictions which short-sighted stupid party minded legislatures have enacted to fetter, to choke, to destroy the trade, and cramp the exertions of the country may be put down and set at nought ...**
- **It is the system we condemn ... the system of cross-purposes that the colonies are governed by ...**

The *Colonial Advocate* was not the first independent newspaper in Upper Canada, nor was it the first to attack the government. But it would be the first such paper to do so and last more than a few issues. Despite early financial difficulties, it became a successful commercial enterprise while Mackenzie himself, by the time he sold his paper in 1834, had moved centre stage in a movement for reform that ultimately, in 1837, erupted in rebellion.

The first number of the *Colonial Advocate* set the pattern for Mackenzie's future career as a journalist and as a politician. It also revealed the paradoxical nature of his personality. He had the heart of an idealist whose dreams were of an agrarian utopia, yet he had the head of a merchant whose values were urban and middle class. He questioned the judgment of persons in authority, yet he envied their influence. He was personally deeply religious, but he abhorred established religion. He admired American democratic ideals and practices, yet he cherished his British, especially his Scottish, heritage. He was a populist speaking to and for the ordinary people, yet he sprinkled his writing with erudite quotations, French and Latin phrases, and obscure historical and literary references.

The first issue of the *Advocate* began with lines from his favorite poet, Robert Burns:

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content!

And O! may heav'n their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er Crowns and Coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace mare rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd isle.

"Cotter's Saturday Night"

By quoting these lines, Mackenzie revealed himself to be more of a democrat than he may have realized. Democracy was a dirty word in Upper Canada. It was synonymous with Yankee republicanism. Anyone with democratic sympathies, even if clothed in Scottish dress, was bound to be dismissed as being too American. The editor tried to head off such an attack by dissociating himself from any suggestion that he wished to remake Upper Canada in the image of the United States:

We would never wish to see British America an appendage of the American Presidency; yet would we wish to see British America thrive and prosper full well as does that Presidency. ... We like American liberty well, but greatly prefer British liberty. British subjects, born in Britain, we have sworn allegiance to a constitutional monarchy, and we will die before we will violate that oath.

(Ironically, Mackenzie later did violate that oath. In 1837, following the

His paper attracted immediate attention – for his opinions much more than for his information.

failure of the Rebellion, he escaped to the United States. A few years later, in exile and with little hope of ever again living in Canada, he became an American citizen, forswearing all foreign allegiances. The amnesty of 1849, however, changed all that. In 1850 the rebel returned to Canada – thanks to the amnesty proclaimed a year earlier – and reassumed his former status as a British subject.)

Born in 1795 in Dundee, Scotland, Mackenzie was moderately well educated. He was apprenticed for a commercial career and, at age eighteen, opened a general store with his mother's assistance. But the enterprise went bankrupt in the severe economic depression following the Napoleonic wars, and Mackenzie, after working for a time in England, sought a fresh start by emigrating to Canada in 1820.

In partnership with his Dundee friend John Lesslie, he operated highly successful general stores – selling apothecary drugs, stationery, books, and other supplies in York (Toronto) and then later in Dundas. But the partnership dissolved in 1822. In June of that year Mackenzie's mother, Elizabeth, arrived in Montreal with the woman she had selected to be her son's wife. Three weeks later Mackenzie married Isabel Baxter, and the following year, the family moved to Queenston to open a new store. Mackenzie advertised himself as "Grocer, Druggist and Haberdasher." He also sold books on a wide range of subjects (in the first issue of the *Colonial Advocate*, he identified himself as "W.L. Mackenzie, Bookseller"). In Canada, in contrast to Scotland, Mackenzie was making a reasonably good living. He could accurately confess: "We are not in want, neither are we rich."

Little in his background suggested a career as a crusading journalist, much less a reform politician or a radical revolutionary. His native Dundee had a reputation as a "radical toun," as a place of popular demonstrations of dissatisfaction with the government, but Mackenzie had not been personally involved. In Scotland, too, he had been an avid reader of the local paper (he once boasted he'd been the youngest member of *The Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser*'s reading room) and he loved books, keeping track of all 956 of the titles he read between the ages of eleven and twenty-three. But prior to launching the *Colonial Advocate*, he had published virtually nothing. As he confessed, he had "not written for the press before" and his "character and talents as a writer are but little known." Nonetheless, he announced his intention to "come forward to controvert received opinions, and to offer views which have previously passed unnoticed." It was an audacious act. He had been in Canada less than four years.

By selecting the name "*Colonial Advocate*," Mackenzie assumed the role of advocate – of spokesman – for the British colonist. He was for the people, not for the government:

We conceive ourselves as independent as editors well can be. ... We have never been disloyal subjects nor radical reformers. But we have made our election: it is to have only one patron, and that patron is the People: the people of the British Colonies.

He fully expected his paper to be read by men in prominent political positions, "public characters as, from their situations or talents ... may be supposed to exercise an influence over public opinion in [their] countries as well as in the Colonies."

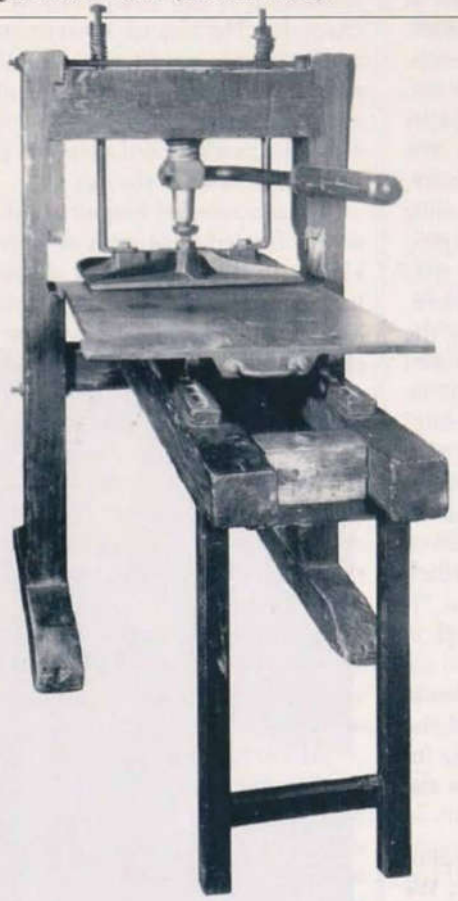
Most of the first issue of the *Advocate* was devoted to a long, rambling commentary reflecting on the state of Upper Canada and presenting future plans for the newspaper – both a prospectus for the new publication and a summary of the unknown editor's political ideas. As Mackenzie outlined his intentions, he also revealed something of the complexity of his character. He was an entrepreneur marketing his product, a publisher promoting his journal and soliciting ads and subscriptions from all who valued his product, and a reporter presenting the news of the day.

He also revealed himself as a reader. His first editorial essay was sprinkled with quotations and allusions from at least fifty different literary, historical, and biblical personages – poets, preachers, philosophers, jurists, and statesmen. And he read current material as well as classics. By exchanging papers with editors in Canada, the United States, and Britain, he was soon receiving more than a hundred newspapers a week. He read them all and clipped from them; some items he copied into the *Advocate* immediately, others he filed for future use. He also kept up a constant correspondence with friends on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mackenzie may have been short on the experience needed to produce a newspaper, but he was long on the essentials of the editorial enterprise: memory, energy, attention to detail, love of language, egotistical self-confidence, and passion. He cared deeply about every matter that came within his ken. He wrote vigorously (sometimes viciously) about whatever subject was at hand.

He also saw himself as a teacher. The *Advocate* would provide useful information and practical advice to improve the lot of its yeomen readers – the publication's subtitle said so: *Journal of Agriculture, Manufactures & Commerce*. Somewhat naively perhaps, he saw himself as the expert, as the instructor of others, and he expected his readers to take note of the wisdom he imparted. The *Advocate* was to be practical as well as political, with agriculture Mackenzie's special interest – "the main cause of whatever portion of wealth we pos-

The first several issues of the *Colonial Advocate* were printed across the Niagara River from Queenston, at Lewiston, New York, most likely on a Ramage press with a wooden main frame and a metal lever, much like the one below. Critics attacked Mackenzie for disloyalty, but within a few months, he had imported a printer and press from New York and set them up in his Queenston home (also his store).



FRANCIS J. PYNE COLLECTION

The Mackenzie residence in Queenston, Ontario, where the firebrand editor lived during the *Colonial Advocate*'s infancy. Built of Queenston limestone, the building was restored in the 1930s and today serves as the Mackenzie Heritage Printery, which displays historic presses and equipment from the letterpress era.

sess." Forthcoming issues would "devote a considerable space ... to this useful art." Not that Mackenzie, a city boy and shopkeeper, had personal experience with any of this. He had never turned a shovelful of earth in his life.

Most of all, however, Mackenzie made clear that he would be an independent commentator, a critic of the political establishment. He soon discovered that, much as he might wish to be an educator, he was destined to be an agitator; his political ideas were too incendiary. His paper attracted immediate attention – for his opinions much more than for his information.

When Mackenzie started down the road of a career as an independent political journalist in Upper Canada in May 1824, it was a path already well trod. The *Colonial Advocate* was anything but the first such paper in the province. In addition to the government paper, *The Upper Canada Gazette*, founded in 1793, at least fourteen other independent papers had been launched – nearly all of them short-lived. The few that survived were essentially local newspapers whose editors tended to avoid controversial subjects and opinions critical of the government. When the *Colonial Advocate* was born, there were only six other newspapers in all of Upper Canada: two in York, two in Kingston, one in Niagara, and one in Brockville.

It's not entirely clear how, in 1824, Mackenzie caught the political bug and why he started a newspaper. But the elections for the Parliament of Upper Canada, set for that summer, suggest a strong motive.

Politically, Upper Canada was relatively stable. Its population had grown (mostly through immigration from the United States) to 150,000. Despite early difficulties, notably the stresses of the War of 1812, the general economy was comparatively prosperous. By the spring of 1824, Lieutenant Governor Sir Peregrine Maitland had been in office for nearly six years. While his administration had been marked by controversy, it had not been seriously challenged. However Mackenzie (among others) was not confident about the condition of Upper Canada.

Most of the first issue of the *Advocate* was given over to an extended critical evaluation of the situation in Upper Canada, a province the editor saw as "languishing in stupor and inactivity," while to the south in the United States "our enterprizing [*sic*] neighbours are laughing us to scorn."

Upper Canada, according to Mackenzie, was not the place of progress and prosperity that it could be or that it ought to be, and to his mind there was no question as to where the responsibility for this dismal state of affairs lay. His *Advocate* editorial began with an evaluation of the province's chief administrator. Lieutenant Governor Maitland was teasingly described as

a knight of noble birth & noble connexions, who, after spending his earlier days amidst the din of war and the turmoil of camps, has gained enough renown in Europe to enable him to enjoy himself, like the country he governs, in inactivity – whose migrations are by water, from York to Queenston, and from Queenston to York, who knows our wants as he gains a knowledge of the time of day, by report; in one case by the report of the Niagara gun; in the other, by the Gazette.

There was more than teasing to Mackenzie's discontent, however. He used his pen to prod Maitland by commenting:

For the present we cannot remember any thing he has done of a public nature worth recording. As a private gentleman, as a human and an amiable man, as a Christian we respect him. We wish we could say as much of him as a governor. But what can we say? What road has he made? What Canal has been begun in his time? Of what agricultural society is he the patron, president or benefactor? What does the domestic manufactures of the Province owe him?

Such a passive governor was, by Mackenzie's good Scottish measure, not only worthless, but, in "his enjoyment of a princely salary," expensive. In contrast to Maitland, readers were directed to consider New York's governor, DeWitt Clinton, who was "wasting the best years of his life in improving the resources of his country without fee or reward, other than the self approbation of his own mind, and the applause of millions of his fellow citizens."

(When Charles Fothergill, editor of the government paper *Upper Canada Gazette*, read these words, he promptly accused the new journalist of promoting "democracy, disloyalty and foul-play." Mackenzie had violated the first Canadian commandment: Thou shalt never unfavourably compare this country with the United States!)

The contentious religious issue of the day (and for many years to come) was the use of the so-called "clergy reserves." When the province of Quebec was divided in 1791 to create Lower and Upper Canada, one-seventh of all land in Upper Canada was set aside to provide support for "a Protestant clergy." As officially interpreted, this meant exclusively the clergy of the Church of England. Mackenzie approved of the original idea. He wrote:

In no part of the constitution of the Canadas is the wisdom of the British legislature more apparent than its setting apart a portion of this country, while it yet remained a wilderness, for the support of religion.

But he disapproved of the interpretation, fearing the creation of a "militant dominant church" in a land "peopled by emigrants from many countries ... accustomed to enjoy[ing] many different religious opinions and forms of worship, or [having] perhaps left their respective countries that they might be enabled here peaceably to worship their maker according to their consciences."

To Mackenzie, the answer to the clergy reserves question was clear. Use the income to promote all Christian religions. Give each one its share.

(Mackenzie's prediction that the clergy reserves, unreformed, would be "the means of much evil" proved correct. Disputes over the clergy reserves continued to plague the province for many years. Mackenzie, however, changed his mind on the issue. Along with most other reformers, he was soon advocating that the reserves be abolished altogether and the money used for general purposes, such as schools and roads. The reserves controversy became one of the grievances that led to the 1837 Rebellion. Not until 1854 was the question finally settled.)

Another target of the editor's attack, a body which he would continue to despise throughout his career, was the appointed upper house of the provincial Parliament, the Legislative Council. (Originally created as a Canadian equivalent to the House of Lords, it eventually evolved into the present-day Senate.) Mackenzie pointedly asked:

Have the members of our Legislative Councils ever been other than the most obsequious, cringing worshippers of power? Have the honourables and reverends and right reverends ever attempted ought towards consolidating your liberties? Have they not, on the other hand, done all that in them lay to abridge, to curtail, aye, to crush them?

His jeremiad of discontents ended, however, on an up note. From its style and cadences, one might think Mackenzie was on a stump

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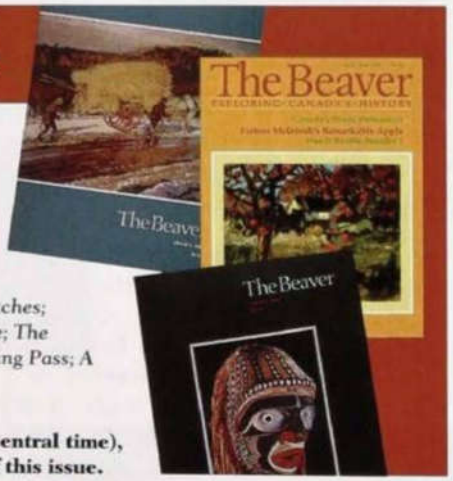

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addressing a crowd:

To yourselves, therefore, Farmers, in the hour of your trial, must you look for aid. The eyes of the whole Colonies, and of America, are fixed on you. You are the only true nobility that this country can boast of. Through you only, by your Representatives, can the real state of things become known in the British senate. If ye choose the wisest, the honestest, the most esteemed of your body; men who have been long known as tried patriots, in whose souls the voice of freedom is not yet extinct; who hold no offices under, or receive any gifts from the Crown; and who, as fathers, as husbands, as members of society, are kind and brotherly minded; men of cultivated minds and discreet demeanour, *fearing God and hating covetousness*. If to such as these ye trust your liberties, there is yet hope for your country, that such representatives will assert your rights, recover your due influence, and be a means to consolidate your freedom. But if ye will, as heretofore, choose collectors and king's advocates, ambassadors, parasites and sycophants, to manage your affairs, you will dearly rue it; you and the generations that shall be hereafter. Look at Spain! Look at Greece! Look at Revolutionary France! Behold the sad effects of misgovernment and beware! The errors were in the princes in the end, but sprang from an effeminancy [*sic*] in the people in the beginning.

Mackenzie proceeded to print his initial editorial essay, two columns wide on white paper, as a sixteen-page octavo booklet with a pale blue four-page wraparound cover devoted largely to advertising. At the last minute, however, the cover copy was scrapped to make room for a report of a jury inquiry into the death of the area's most prominent citizen, Colonel Robert Nichol, MP, who had died under suspicious circumstances. As he was riding home at night in a storm, his horse had gone off the path, slipped, and Nichol had been thrown several hundred feet down the steep precipice of a bank of the Niagara river. Mackenzie described the scene:

It is a dreadful place, some 60 or 70 feet above the margin of the river. Pieces of his skull and brains and much blood were observed on the spot where he had fallen.

After summarizing the testimony of various people before the jury, the report concluded:

The jury seeing no cause to believe otherwise, returned a verdict of ACCIDENTAL DEATH. By the evidence produced they could not have done otherwise.

To make room in the *Advocate* for this report, paid advertising had been omitted. The publisher sacrificed private income for public information – and personal publicity. Mackenzie himself had been foreman of the jury.

Despite his own jury's finding in regard to Nichol's death, the editor remained suspicious that the death might have been the work of some secret enemy.

There is a mystery about this man's death that we cannot unravel. It is hard to suppose that any one could have been so barbarous as on that stormy and dreadful night to have forced him into certain destruction; yet it is really marvellous how he, with a steady horse, which so well knew the way, should have missed the path.

(Mackenzie could never remain content when doubts persisted. There was always a deeply skeptical streak to his personality.)

The *Colonial Advocate* soon caught the attention of readers throughout Upper Canada, to the dismay of some and the delight of others. By its third issue, it had changed its format to a four-page broadsheet, like all its rival newspapers. The first several issues were printed across the river in Lewiston, New York (for which Mackenzie was attacked as disloyal), but within a few months, Mackenzie had imported a printer and press from New York to do the printing for him. His home and store also became a printshop. (Today the restored building in Queenston is the Mackenzie Heritage Printery, a museum of Canadian printing.) A few months later he was prompted to move his whole operation (and his family) to York. To put out a truly provincial paper, he had to be at the centre, where the government was.

In York, Mackenzie's columns so outraged the ruling elite that in 1826 a group of men demolished the *Advocate* printing office, an act that ultimately benefitted Mackenzie. He sued the rioters, collected enough money in damages to pay off his debts, and reestablished the press on a firmer financial footing. Moreover, he became a public hero. He had challenged the establishment and had not been silenced. Because of his vigorous commentary, the *Colonial Advocate* went on to change the landscape of Upper Canada. Mackenzie himself moved on to a tumultuous political career and to the 1837 Rebellion, for which he is best remembered.

The day he launched the *Colonial Advocate*, in front of his house Mackenzie planted a row of locust trees. More than thirty years later, after his tumultuous career in the House of Assembly, after serving as first mayor of Toronto, after leading the ill-fated Rebellion, after escaping to the United States and living there in exile, after returning to Canada and restarting life as an editor and as a politician, he revisited Queenston. He noted that his trees had "grown luxuriously." He had originally planted them, he wrote, "to commemorate the day that had transformed a quiet, peaceful obscure trader into an ardent colonial politician and public censor." One hundred and seventy-five years later, two of these trees still stand. ▣

Chris Raible is the author of *Muddy York Mud: Scandal & Scurrility in Upper Canada*, about the 1826 "Types Riot" that destroyed William Lyon Mackenzie's newspaper office. He is a regular contributor to the *Beaver*.

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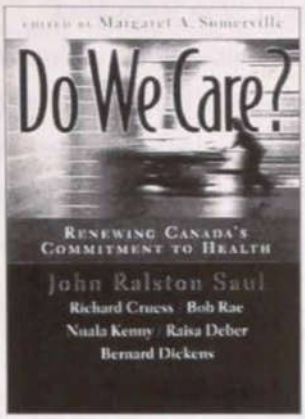
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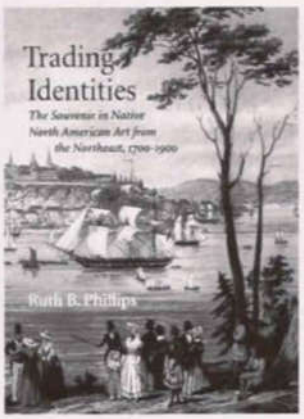

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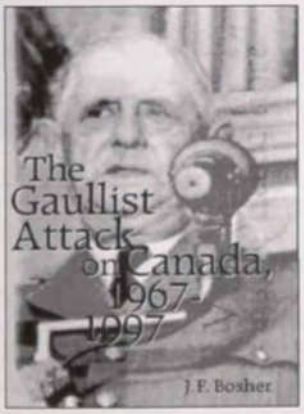

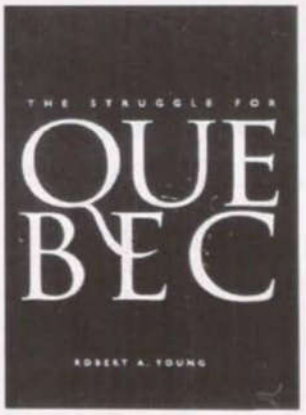

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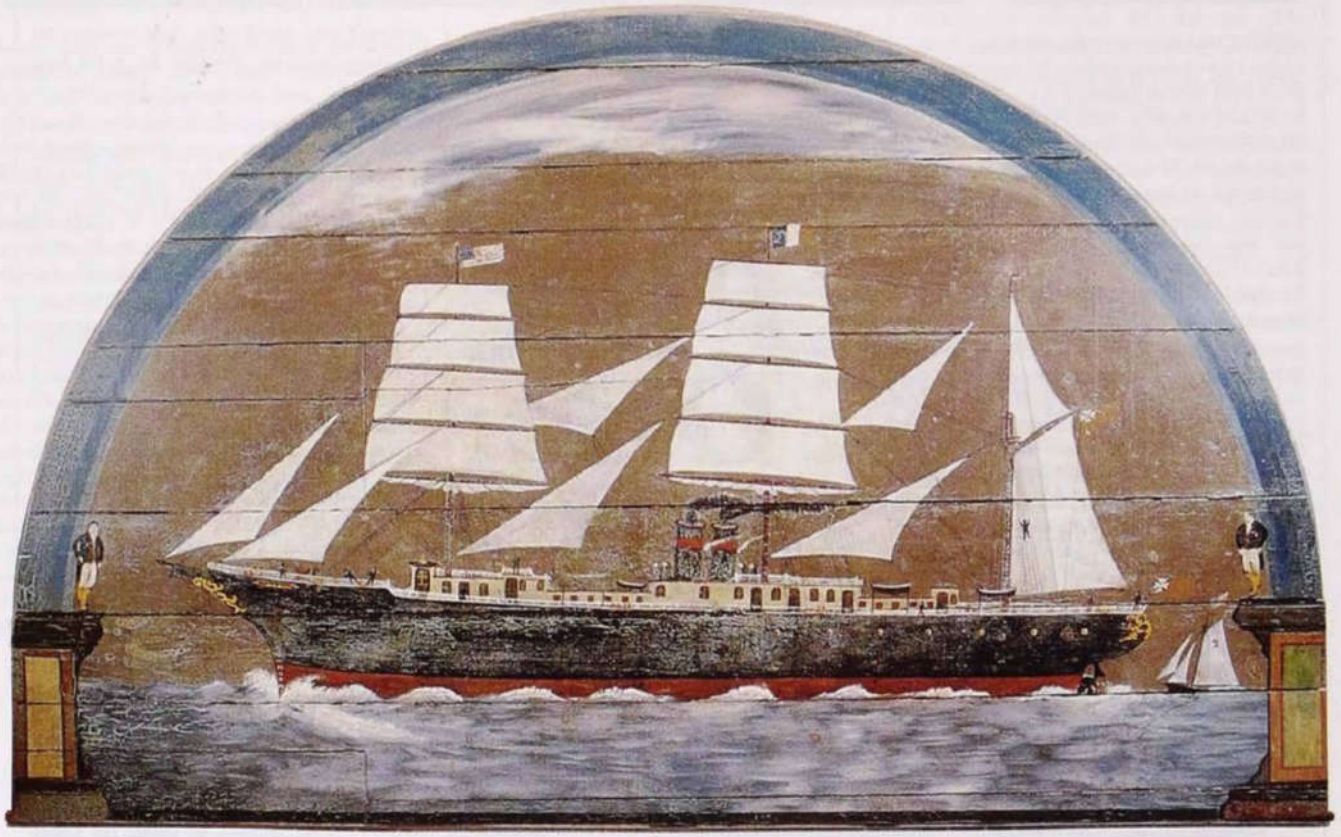
In the nineteenth century, a Portuguese seaman painted a series of colourful, evocative murals in a barn in Hantsport, Nova Scotia. Most Hantsportonians knew where the murals were, but as time went on few paid them any more attention than they did the rising of the tide in the Bay of Fundy. It looked like the murals would die of neglect. Then someone realized what they had was ...

Sterling Silver



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The Hantsport (Steam and Sailing Ship)

Oil on wood

Hantsport, a small Nova Scotia town at the east end of the Annapolis Valley, was a busy centre in the nineteenth century. Ships loaded with gypsum, timber, and produce sailed up the Avon River to the Bay of Fundy and the world beyond. Two major shipyard owners, J.B. North and Ezra Churchill, employed many local men, while other skilled workers, such as blacksmiths, carpenters, and insurance agents, depended on shipbuilding and shipping for their incomes. When a new ship was launched, half the town showed up, all of them men – or relatives of the men – who had worked on the ship.

by Heather Davidson

It was into this setting that a young Portuguese sailor named Francis da Silva arrived. Born in 1841 in the Azores, he was one of

countless men involved in the vigorous trade between Portugal and Nova Scotia. Anglicizing his name to Silver, he found work at the Churchill yard, and by the mid-1860s, had built a house, married, and had children. To provide for his family, he, like other employees at the yard, worked both at sea and on land. Along the way, he developed several skills.

At The Cedars, an estate Ezra Churchill built in 1860 as a wedding present for his son, John, Silver constructed miniature houses, willow furniture, and gazebos. In the cellar, he painted "porthole art" recalling scenes from his life at sea, later progressing to canvas (accessible through his employer), and finally to the interior boards of the estate's barn, or carriage house, as it was then known.

By the late 1870s, with his family growing, Silver left the sea but continued to work for Churchill as a carpenter, handyman, and gardener. And he continued to paint. He decorated the walls of the carriage house with murals and hung rows of his paintings high on the beams so the carriages would pass below without disturbing them. The carriage house became a gallery, and the Churchill family and friends would come to view Silver's work.

The period from 1860 to 1890 was an exciting time to live in Hantsport. People debated fishing rights, reciprocity with the United States, and the terms of Nova Scotia's entry into Confederation. Shipbuilding and shipping boomed. Railways linked towns with the rest of Canada. Industry and manufacturing employed local people. Silver was inspired by it all.

In *Farm Scene* (see page 1), for instance, a woman tends her cattle while black smoke belches from a row of buildings in the background—an indication of industrialization's inroads into rural life. In *Ostriches and Zeppelin*, tropical birds, animals, and vegetation enjoy a quiet paradise while a small flying machine lurks above.

For Silver, who had joined the Baptist church at age twenty soon after his arrival in Hantsport, religion was important, too. The Good Samaritan, Moses, David and Goliath, and the Temptation of Christ were a few of the subjects he portrayed in *Sixteen Biblical Scenes*.

Social life was also important. In *Women's Sewing Circle*, Silver depicts Hantsport women combining work with pleasure. He immortalizes the sewing and the socializing, and through the device of a male typist, adds a dash of humour.

In his ship paintings, such as *Ship Launching at Churchill Shipyards*, he combines the knowledge he had acquired at sea with his artistic talent, portraying a ship complete with rigging and flags plunging into the Avon River.

Silver's pièce de résistance, however, was *The Hantsport (Steam and Sailing Ship)*. Measuring approximately two by three metres, the mural, framed by classical pillars joined with a blue arch, depicts the handsome ship under steam and full sail cutting through the sea.

After Silver's death in 1920, most of the paintings stayed in the Churchill family and the murals remained on the barn walls. Then, in the late 1940s, a citizens' group purchased The Cedars from the Churchills and converted it into the Hantsport Memorial Community Centre. The barn was used

ONE MAN HAS TYPEWRITTEN 4917
WORDS IN AN HOUR BUT COULD HE -
KEEP UP WITH THE -
CONVERSATON AT A WOMANS -
SEWING CIRCLE
NOT SO FAST LADIES
WOMANS CIRCLE
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Women's Sewing Circle

Oil on canvas

BRIAN R. ALEXANDER COLLECTION

Ostriches and Zeppelin

Oil on canvas

for social functions. People leaned against the wall and brushed against the murals. Cigarette and cigar smoke yellowed them. But some of the children who met in the barn for after-school activities admired and studied the simple, colourful pictures.

Diana Thompson, currently the school and town librarian, grew up in the town in the 1950s and remembers studying the murals for hours as a child, fascinated by Silver's paintings

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of life in nineteenth-century Hantsport. "They looked like what I would draw, if I could draw," she remembers.

Eric Nichols was also captivated by the murals as a member of a cub troop in the fifties. Twenty years later, when folk art became a recognized art form, Nichols was working as a volunteer in the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia in Halifax and mentioned the Hantsport murals to the curator, Bernard Riordon. Under Riordon's direction, the murals were carefully removed from the walls of the barn and restored. Meanwhile, Brian Alexander, an active member of the Hantsport Community Centre, discovered twenty-seven paintings by Silver being taken to the dump. He bought them for two dollars each and then donated them to the provincial art gallery.

Some of Silver's paintings and murals were exhibited in Hantsport in 1982 and 1995, but the collection is now housed permanently in Halifax under controlled conditions to preserve them for future generations. A group of citizens is currently investigating the possibility of converting the Churchill carriage house into a seasonal gallery to exhibit painting of local artists, including Francis Silver. In the meantime, however, the folk artist is remembered in the Hantsport Community Centre only by the porthole paintings on the cellar walls and a few photos of his work.

Heather Davidson is a writer and museum curator living in Hantsport, Nova Scotia.

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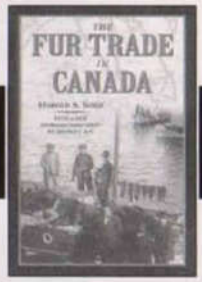

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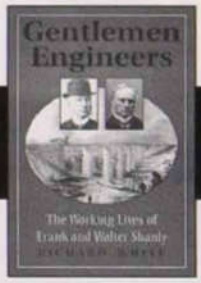

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Reviews

Featured Books

■ **The Mountie from Dime Novel to Disney**
By Michael Dawson
Between the Lines
Toronto, 1998
250 pp., illus., $21.95 paper

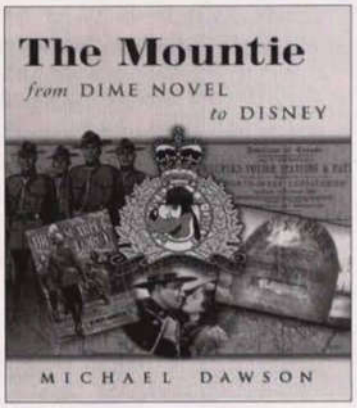
■ **Legends of Our Times: Native Cowboy Life**
By Morgan Baillargeon and Leslie Tepper
UBC Press, Vancouver, 1998
264 pp., illus., $45.00, hardcover

Featured Broadcast

■ **The Hangman's Bride**
Writer, producer, director Naomi McCormack, 1997
Distributed by Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre
TV broadcasts scheduled for spring and summer 1999, on the Women's Television Network and CBC Reflections.

Changing the Face of the Force

During this, the 125th anniversary of their formation, the most visible image we have of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police comes not, as one might expect, courtesy of Disney, the official purveyors of this part of Canada's heritage, but from the CBC. It's of a staff sergeant "maintaining the right" in the face of APEC demonstrators – not by force of character, or even with the help of a trusty canine comrade, but with the modern Mountie's newest friend, pepper spray.



This image continues to stun Canadians, who over the course of the subsequent inquiry watched fascinated as the force behind the Force was dissected frame by frame. That November day in 1997, UBC protesters yielded not to the steely glare of square-jawed men, but to the incapacitating pain caused by the noxious substance spewing from the nozzled canisters they wielded.

Among the many reactions that greeted the release of this footage, perhaps the most telling was puzzlement. Could, many Canadians asked, these men really be *Mounties*? Could this really be happening in *Canada*?

The longstanding connection between the Mounties' behaviour and English Canada's identity that underlies these questions is the subject of Michael Dawson's new book, ***The Mountie from Dime Novel to Disney***. Armed with a lively wit and the insights of cultural criticism (but not, thankfully, the jargon!), Dawson argues that the Mountie has long been an icon of English-Canadian nationalism. Displaying the same determination as the men he writes about, he tracks down the people responsible for inventing one of the country's sturdiest traditions, interrogates them, and exposes their motives.

For the first sixty or so years of this century, dime novelists, Hollywood screenwriters, and to a certain extent, the Force itself created and sold an "antimodern hero" – the Mountie as latter-day knight. Though red serge replaced the shining armour, the chivalrous Mountie still made it his business to pluck damsels from distress and to protect the British Dominion from the malevolent designs of duplicitous "foreigners," shifty French Canadians, and wily Indians. As chaste as the snow through which he sometimes galloped, the Mountie was married to Duty, his closest friend his horse.

While the rock-steady Mountie appealed to a country experiencing the dislocations of war and economic depression, by the 1960s the old-fashioned values he upheld struck an increasingly dissonant chord: feminism made the Mountie's chivalry seem more like sexism, while ascendant nationalisms in both Quebec and English Canada, as well as the climate of civil rights, rendered the imperial tie, not to mention representations of swarthy foreigners, tuque-clad opponents, and savage aboriginals, unacceptable. Nor was the Force itself entirely happy with the Mountie it had helped create. While the bad guys zoomed around from caper to caper in cars or even airplanes, Hollywood's Mountie continued to give chase on his sure-footed, if slower, steed. No matter how appealing, this image didn't square with the RCMP's vision of itself as modern and scientific. Clearly, the Mountie's image needed to be overhauled.

The 1973 centennial year provided the occasion. This time, however, the Force itself took a leading role in reinventing its image. All traces of sexism, racism, and imperialism were purged from its official history and the celebration built around it. The Mounties' Great March West in 1874 signalled the beginning of an unbroken history of tolerance and inclusion, of peace, order, and good government. Mounties bro-

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This book tells of the triumph over circumstances in Alberta's Palliser Triangle desert district during the Dirty Thirties. Gray considers it "the greatest Canadian success story since the completion of the CPR." 288 pp., photos.

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Gray's award-winning account of growing up in early 20th-century Winnipeg and the events, such as the Winnipeg General Strike, that helped shape and define his early years. 256 pp., illus.

RED LIGHTS ON THE PRAIRIES *by James H. Gray*
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kered peaceful relations with native peoples, dispensed advice to greenhorn settlers, helped cattle in distress, and preserved Canadian sovereignty in the north—and they did it all with a minimum of conflict and violence. As its Musical Ride attested, the RCMP still considered handling a horse part of a Mountie's skills, but so too was his or, more significantly, *her* expertise in the science of detection.

If different nationalisms had transformed the Mountie from an antimodern to a modern national hero, globalization also subsequently had an effect on the Force's image. Though English Canadians might still consider the Force an embodiment of particular political values, the global marketplace has bleached much of the ideology, not to mention the policing function, out of the Mounties. Instead, at the hands of Disney, the Mountie has come to stand for some disembodied sense of Canada, of a somewhat quaint, definitely nice, and completely acceptable kind of difference that because of its generality (and perhaps its emptiness) resonates across cultures—and more importantly, across counters. The Force, it seems, is still with us, but if Dawson is right, it is not us anymore.

Read this book. It'll make you laugh, but more importantly it'll make you think.

Reviewed by **Tina Loo**, professor of history at Simon Fraser University, who focuses on legal history.

When Cowboys Are Indians

Several years ago, Rufus Goodstriker, master of ceremonies at one of the first banquets of the Indian Rodeo Cowboy Association, brought down the house when he started his introduction with the words, "Welcome, cowboys and Indians!" It was funny because virtually every Indian there was a cowboy and every cowboy an Indian.

Morgan Baillargeon and Leslie Tepper have tried to capture some of that cowboy-Indian spirit in this far-ranging and beautifully designed book. They utilize a wealth of historical photographs, paintings, and colour images of artifacts, as well as stories, legends, poetry, and well-researched accounts of the various aspects of Indian life.

Legends of Our Times is divided into three sections—native religion, ranch life, and rodeo. Of these, rodeo by far offers the most new information to the reader. The volume is not limited to Canadian Indian cowboys, although most of it does deal with the prairie provinces and British Columbia. In the rodeo section, the authors begin with native involvement in Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West show and other vaudevillelike performances of the nineteenth century. The role of Indians in these shows was as much theatrical as it was rodeo, involving tableaus of Indians attacking wagon trains and putting on war dances.

Amateur rodeos were common on Indian reserves by the 1930s, but not until the early 1950s did Canadian Indian cowboys come together in a professional association. The first was the Lazy-B70 Rodeo Club on the Blood Reserve, followed in 1962 by the All-Indian Rodeo Cowboys Association. The authors do an excellent job following the development of this equestrian sport in both Canada and the United States.

The involvement of Indians in ranching really started in the 1880s and 1890s, when they began raising range cattle on the Canadian prairies, while in the interior of British Columbia, the native cowboy learned his trade with the big ranching companies.

The section on religion is an odd one for this book, for its fifty pages of text and pictures seem to have very little to do with cowboys. Rather, it celebrates the richness and diversity of native culture and religion. It concentrates on the importance of the horse to the Plains Indians in hunting and warfare, but this would seem to have little bearing upon the Indian as a cowboy. *Cowboy*, by its very terminology, implies a relationship to cattle, yet this section discusses various forms of buffalo hunting, the importance of the white buffalo, and the role of the deer, coyote, dog, and wolf in native life.

There can be no question that this book is well written, informative, and attractively illustrated, but the reader should be forewarned that the authors have outdone themselves in being politically correct. The word *Indian* seldom appears, *First Nation* being the favourite substitute. That is only mildly distracting. The real challenge comes when dealing with individual tribes. For example, you won't find the tribal names of the Thompson, Lillooet, or Northern Cheyenne. Instead, they are the Nlha7kápmx, Stl'átl'imx, and Tsetsehése-stahase. The use of such native terms is seldom practised in the United States, where people still call themselves Indians and use the more familiar tribal names, yet in this book the South Peigans of Montana are the Amoskapi Piikunii. In fact, they prefer to be called Blackfeet.

This rush towards political correctness is unfortunate, for this is otherwise a good book. It is very disconcerting to have to turn to page 16 to find out that the Nehiyaw are the Crees or the Absalooka are the Crows. At the very least, the more familiar tribal names should have been placed in brackets behind the tribal ones. Political correctness may be fine but it certainly can be confusing when dealing with history.

Reviewed by **Hugh Dempsey**, chief curator emeritus of the Glenbow Museum, Calgary, and the author of several books dealing with the native people of western Canada.

Allegra Fulton in *The Hangman's Bride*

Good Thing, Small Package

Most Canadian history films are documentaries. Spurred on by the traditions, biases, and financial limitations of the National Film Board, the CBC, and the schools, various types of nonfiction film, especially the narrated essay, have held almost total sway.

Some notable exceptions spring to mind, of course – theatrical features, such as Joyce Wieland's *The Far Shore*, Brenda Longfellow's fascinating *Gerda* (Munsinger, that is), or Phillip Borsos's disastrous *Bethune*. Numerous TV movies have also attracted some of the country's best actors: Donald Sutherland in a stunning performance in *Bethune*, R.H. Thomson as Dr. Frederick Banting, the luminous Sara Botsford in *The Arrow*, the impressive cast of Gil Cardinal's *Big Bear*, and perhaps the best of the lot, Maury Chaykin with his portrayal of Hal Banks in *Canada's Sweetheart*. However, distinguished as a few of these may be, for day-in, day-out programming the documentary prevails.

Occasionally, some lonely, hardy soul creates a historically based fictional film using a short form. Rarely do they achieve much success. Winning attention for short films is even harder than it is for longer works. This is surprising given Canada's tradition of short-story riches – a difference between readers and viewers that is not necessarily logical. Naomi McCormack's twenty-minute ***The Hangman's Bride*** is thus an unusual event.

In Quebec City, New France, during the autumn of 1751, a young man and woman meet in prison. His fate is uncertain; hers seems dire – a date with the hangman will do that. The film glides forward via minimal snatches of dialogue, hints, implications, glances, and fragments of flashback. Françoise Laurent and Jean Corolère languish in adjacent cells, unable to see each other, curiosity and conversation the only links between them. We learn that Jean, a drummer in the army, has fought an illegal duel, but he seems to have friends with influence, so his release is secured. Françoise has a different, more oblique story. We learn, through brief flashbacks, that she has likely suffered abuse. She's the daughter of an influential man. Perhaps it's unlikely that she's really a thief. How did she end up in jail, and what sacrifice will she pay to escape? As she tells Jean, there is only one woman in the colony for every four men, a parable to illustrate woman-as-commodity to be sure.

"The film had a fascinating genesis," says McCormack. "I first heard the story of Françoise Laurent at a dance performance based on a Margaret Atwood poem called 'Marrying the Hangman.'" Atwood in turn credits the idea for her poem on a short entry in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*. So the remnants of a mysterious, little-known incident get passed down and along through the different arts. Yet the tough kernel of a woman's nasty dilemma two hundred and fifty years ago remains at the centre.

In a short film drama, as in a literary short story or poem, every element in the artist's repertoire is pared to the bone. What is the minimum of plot needed to carry the story? How will the briefest elements of the photography, staging, and sound contribute to meaning, shaping of character, and point of view? McCormack lights her shots and places the camera with care. But the overall effect is hardly romantic or sanitized. Although strong natural light streams through the small windows into the cells, beyond those beams of light all is dark and dank. Usually, the camera stays outside the cells, placing the bars between us, the viewers, and the couple. The soundtrack contributes to this sober mood as well – the dialogue and music are often punctuated with coughs and the constant drip of water. The result is the unfolding of an elegant story told without sentimentality.

What transpired between Jean and Françoise in that Quebec prison remains a mystery. Yet their luck and wit changed their fates and earned them a place in Canadian history. *The Hangman's Bride* has the imagination to take their story seriously and to encourage its viewers to ponder the facts of life in eighteenth-century New France.

Is this a minor work because of its length? Minor as a polished little gem from Mavis Gallant or Alice Munro.

Reviewed by **Peter Steven**, a Toronto-based historian, writer, and teacher of film history.

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Booknotes

Sometimes, while reading a new historical volume, it may be a disadvantage to know too much about the subject. An awareness of errors and omissions obstructs an appreciation of the author's achievement. I felt this way with two books recently, each dealing with participants in the 1837 Rebellion who were captured and transported to Australia.

Forgotten Patriots is the work of retired journalist Jack Cahill, an author who has a reporter's ear for a story, but who unfortunately lacks an editor's eye for accuracy. His basic narrative – men fighting, captured, tried, transported, enduring, and eventually returning – is a touching tale, but he clutters it with irrelevant sidebar stories, makes sweeping interpretations of events, and historically is often just plain wrong. Cahill's writing testifies to his having read a great deal. Some of his sources are explicitly cited in endnotes – alas, most are not. His bibliography is extensive, but he has obviously not read a whole series of books and articles that deal with his subject.

Another attempt to spin the same yarn, *Jeremy Kane*, suffers from similar factual misstatements – more forgivably, perhaps, because it is a work of fiction. It tells a rousing story, some of it even believable. But in dealing with William Lyon Mackenzie and the Rebellion, it plays fast and loose with the facts in myriad minor ways. Both of these books are worth reading as exciting accounts of the subject, but neither is a reliable history. A popular, convincing, and accurate telling of the experience of these Upper Canadian "exiles" (most of whom were Americans) still awaits.

In contrast, I appreciated two books on aspects of the War of 1812 for their combining of clarity with thorough research. *Lords of the Lake* is both beautifully produced and effectively told. Robert Malcomson (who wrote the recent *Beaver* article on blowing up the Brock monument) is a teacher and an amateur in the best sense: he loves his subject. During that inconclusive war, Lake Ontario (unlike Lake Erie) had no major naval battle, but not for want of the opposing commodores, Sir James Yeo and Isaac Chauncey, each trying to manoeuvre the other into confrontation. Here is a story of missed opportunities, mistaken judgments, perverse weather, and simple bad luck. The accompanying illustrations – dozens of them – make this a work not to be missed. Congratulations to its publisher, Robin Brass Studio, for continuing to put out such fine books on Canadian history.

The other volume is *The Iroquois in the War of 1812*. The work of the historical curator of Toronto's Fort York, Carl Benn, it deals both interestingly and comprehensively with a subject that has hardly been touched on by others at all. The Iroquois were an independent force, making their own political decisions and facing their own particular problems. When the war erupted, there were attempts, both by members of the Six Nations themselves and by the British and American governments, to press the Iroquois tribes into taking sides or staying neutral. It was clear to all that the major battles would be fought on Canadian (today, southern Ontarian) soil. When the Iroquois did enter the combat, they played decisive roles in the war's various campaigns. The outcome of the war itself was indecisive in American and British/Canadian terms, but it was a crucial event in Iroquois history. This book is essential reading, not only for war buffs, but for all serious students of Canadian-American history.

Two more new books also deal with war and with Canadian-American relations. Publishing Civil War books is a major industry south of the border, but that war also had a profound effect on our nation. We may thus welcome the reissuing of a splendid, almost indispensable work (with a slightly altered title): *The Civil War Years: Canada and the United States*. From its describing of (very real) British/Canadian fears of invasion and of the Trent affair in the early months of the war to its treatment of the use of Canadian soil by Confederates for the St. Albans raid near the war's end, it is an extraordinarily balanced presentation. Author Robin W. Winks, head of the history department at Yale, effectively draws on sources and uses quotations from both sides of the border.

In Armageddon's Shadow – a phrase which aptly describes the Canadian situation during the Civil War – is the title of a just-published detailed chronicle of that war and the Maritime-Canadian involvement in it. Men were recruited by both sides to fight. Official British colonial policy was neutrality, but Maritime ports harboured Confederate pirates, and sympathy for the Confederates affected race relations. Here is a poignant reminder that every major American occurrence has Canadian implications.

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- *Forgotten Patriots: Canadian Rebels on Australia's Convict Shores*
  By Jack Cahill. Robin Brass Studio, 1998. 275 pp. $18.95 paper.
- *Jeremy Kane*
  By Sidney Allinson. Xlibris, 1998. 364 pp. US$25.00 hardcover; US$15.00 paper.
- *Lords of the Lake: The Naval War on Lake Ontario, 1812–1814*
  By Robert Malcomson. Robin Brass Studio, 1998. 411 pp. $34.95 hardcover.
- *The Iroquois in the War of 1812*
  By Carl Benn. University of Toronto Press, 1998. 272 pp. $50.00 hardcover, $21.95 paper.
- *The Civil War Years: Canada and the United States, 4th edition*
  By Robin W. Winks. McGill-Queens University Press, 1998. 430 pp. $65.00 hardcover; $22.95 paper.
- *In Armageddon's Shadow: The Civil War and Canada's Maritime Provinces*
  By Greg Marquis. McGill-Queens University Press, 1998. 389 pp. $34.95 hardcover.

Attending the McGill conference, past Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History recipients (from left to right) Tom Morton, Indu Varma, and Charles Hou.

History Conference Notes

In January, the Society cosponsored the "Giving the Past a Future" conference on innovation in teaching and learning history, held in Montreal.

Organized by the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada under the leadership of Society board member Desmond Morton (with the participation of The CRB Foundation, the Department of Canadian Heritage, the Dominion Institute, *L'Association des professeurs d'histoire des colleges du Quebec*, History Television, and the Canadian Historical Association), the conference, the first of its kind in Canada, attracted hundreds of delegates from across the country and beyond. Society board members Paul André Linteau of the University of Quebec at Montreal and Tina Loo of Simon Fraser University, as well as CNHS executive director Laird Rankin, also played a role in organizing the conference, which was supplemented by the first-ever historical trade show, with publishers, media, and government departments displaying their products and services.

Before the official opening Friday, January 29, distinguished Canadians Pauline Marois, former Quebec minister of education, and Dr. Tom Symons, C.C., founding president of Trent University, were recognized at a special ceremony at the McCord Museum, the former for her role in increasing historical content in the Quebec curriculum, the latter for his lifetime contribution to Canadian history.

Noted Quebec writer and filmmaker Jacques Godbout gave the keynote address Saturday morning, which was followed by a plenary session on the topic "Where and When do We Learn History?" Panelists included Yves Beauregard, director of *Cap-aux-*

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- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
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- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

This year the **Western Canada Aviation Museum** celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary. From beginning in a basement and with only a few aircraft, the museum has grown to become Canada's second largest aviation institution, with twenty-three aircraft on display (and several more in restoration) at its 90,000-square-foot historic hangar at Winnipeg International Airport.

With thousands of books, magazines, and technical documents, complemented by a photographic archive with over forty thousand images, the museum holds Canada's largest aviation reference library. The archive and library also include a collection of early aviation memorabilia.

In addition to SKYWAYS, an exhibition currently in place for children up to their early teens, the museum will soon open SPACEWAYS, an exhibit that will allow young people to simulate a flight through the solar system on computer. Another new program will train young people and adults in flight simulation in a formal manner similar to that of professional institutions, using computers and Microsoft's flight simulation program.

Supported by hundreds of volunteers and forty thousand hours of dedicated work, and with such a wonderful collection of artifacts, the Museum is well worth a visit.

Western Canada Aviation Museum
Hangar T-2, 958 Ferry Road,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3H 0Y8
For information call:
Telephone: (204) 786-5503
Fax: (204) 775-4761
E-mail: <info@wcam.mb.ca>
Website: <www.wcam.mb.ca>

Diamants, a French language magazine published in Quebec City; Francine Lelièvre, director of Pointe-à-Callière, the Montreal Museum of Archaeology and History and a director of our Society; Ken Osborne, University of Manitoba faculty of education emeritus professor; and Patrick Watson, well-known television personality.

Workshops filled the rest of the morning, which included such topics as provincial curricula comparisons, experimenting with problem situations in Quebec and Canadian history, and interactivity on the Internet. In the afternoon, speakers from the U.S., the United Kingdom, France, and Canada addressed the topic of the traps and challenges of imposing official histories, while workshops looked at subjects ranging from textbooks to the business of history to the opportunities presented by new technology. At the banquet Saturday evening, guest speaker Mark Starowicz of CBC-TV spoke on the CBC's forthcoming thirty-part millennium series on Canada's history.

"How a Country of Many Histories can Learn to Share Them" was Sunday morning's plenary session topic, while Sunday afternoon was devoted to workshops on how to improve the effectiveness of history teaching both in and out of the classroom. At the closing session, some of the country's most distinguished historians as well as prominent businessman Red Wilson (who has personally committed $500,000 of his own money to the cause of history) addressed the question, "What do we do now?" Given the breadth of participation in the conference, the answers were complex. But it was clear that the delegates thought Canada's past does have a future and they committed themselves to ensuring that more is done, including meeting again to plot the course.

Clark Leaves Board

The Right Honourable Joe Clark, elected leader of the federal Conservative Party last fall, has resigned as a director of Canada's National History Society, due to the commitments of his position.

Greenberg Receives Award

The Society is pleased to announced that *Beaver* editor Annalee Greenberg received in January the Manitoba Historical Society's Margaret McWilliams Medal for Institutional History for her book on Winnipeg's Sharon Home.

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Manitoba

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Departure Date
15 August, 6 nights

Tour Cost
Twin $1650.00 CAD + tax

Newfoundland

Tour Highlights
St. John's Harbour, Bay Bulls (whale watching), Terra Nova National Park, Twillingate, Gros Morne National Park, the Arches, Port Aux Choix Historic Site, L'Anse-Aux Meadows National Historic Site (Viking settlement) ending in Corner Brook.

Departure Date
22 August, 9 nights

Tour Cost
Twin $2571.00 CAD + tax

For further information call: (204) 949-0199 or 1-800-661-3830
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Co-ed Communications
1-800-668-1023

E-mail: cnhs@historysociety.ca

CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

History Blooms in the Garden

BRIAN PICKELL

Pleasance Crawford (left) and Edwinna von Baeyer, editors of *Garden Voices*.

In southern Ontario, billowing lilacs bloom every year like a history of springtime. They straggle magnificently away from the corners of old homesteads and porches, as characteristic of the rural concessions as rhododendrons are of Victoria. For hot, high-summer backyards in towns and cities, however, it is the big, lush, overripe peonies, their heavy blossoms bending their stalks over into the grass, that are the emblematic flower.

Lilac and peony have deep southern-Ontario roots, I learned when I talked recently with some historians who practise their craft in the garden. The garden historians gently make plain that our flowerbeds and herb gardens, and even the tree canopies over our heads, are shaped by history as much as anything else around.

Eileen Woodhead knows the histories of lilacs and peonies from reading a plant catalogue. Not just any plant catalogue, but the one that pioneer Toronto nurseryman William Custead circulated around southern Ontario in 1827. In it, the double crimson peony heads the list of biennials and perennials. Peonies were cultivated in ancient Greece, Woodhead tells us, and were used to treat epilepsy and menstrual troubles (whence its name, from Paeon, physician to the gods). They came to North American colonies via the Low Countries and Britain. The lilac, a relative of the olive, originated in the Balkans, was popular in British gardens by 1600, and took happily to British–North American climates. In 1827, Custead advertised both purple and white lilacs among his flowering shrubs.

Eileen Woodhead is a student of art and art history, a veteran researcher in material culture, and a "Qualified Plantsman." Some years ago, when she encountered the single surviving copy of Custead's ephemeral marketing flyer, she decided she would combine all her skills to grow and study all of Custead's plants in her own garden near Spencerville in eastern Ontario. Her recent book, *Early Canadian Gardening*, is a record of that project, complete with Latin names, botanical drawings (Woodhead's own), and a careful recording of the origins and social history of each plant a pioneer Ontario gardener might have selected from Mr. Custead's eighteen-page catalogue.

In her book, Woodhead walks us through catalogue pages filled with familiar names. Roses, asters, chrysanthemums. Apples, plums, raspberries. Tarragon, basil, summer savory. Many varieties have changed greatly over the years, but Woodhead could work back to plants much like ones her Ontario neighbours might have seen in the early nineteenth century. "They were not hybridized then," she says. "There was virtually no hybridizing before 1840, and they didn't really know anything about genetics before the 1920s, so what Custead offered was basic stock, not a hybrid type. And those I could acquire.

"In the Custead catalogue, they were offering European peonies, probably originally from the Mediterranean.

Garden historians gently make plain that our flowerbeds and herb gardens are shaped by history as much as anything else around.

Today's peonies are from China, and they probably all came in after the 1850s. You can still get European peonies, but they are not common – less showy, usually only one colour. They are a different species from the Chinese-origin ones, but they come from the same family. I know a family near here who are convinced the European peonies they still have are ones their Scots ancestors brought over and planted in the 1840s."

Reading the catalogue, Woodhead was struck by the sophistication to which backwoods, Upper-Canadian gardeners could aspire. Of the Asian flora that would take the gardening world by storm later in the century, Custead had only a few examples. (One, the Chinese hydrangea, had been introduced to the West by naturalist Joseph Banks in 1790.) But all the latest plants of the 1820s were on offer.

"That year, 1827," she says, "a Philadelphia dealer offered the first sweet corn, which was discovered accidentally and then propagated. Custead would soon have had it. He seems to have been in touch with leading collectors in the United States and Europe. Even then, he was offering Toronto the newest introductions from leading dealers. So he's just like today's gardeners in that."

Pleasance Crawford of Toronto is well named for a garden historian. In Victorian times, a pleasance was a secluded garden laid out with shady walks, statuary, and ornamental water. Crawford, a landscape architect by training, has devoted herself to preserving or recovering the look and contents of historical gardens, particularly in Ontario.

Like Woodhead, Crawford is intrigued by the enthusiasm for new things in old gardens, both in the plants used and in the design concepts. Describing Toronto's Prospect Cemetery, for instance, where every tree, shrub, pond, and curving avenue was laid out according to fashionable English theories in what had been a York County wheatfield, Crawford brings home how much the seemingly "natural" cemeteries, parks, and public gardens we visit were created by elaborately worked-out concepts from the previous century.

Crawford suggests that Canadian gardens in the late nineteenth century were being transformed not only by theories of design, but also by the arrival of Asian plant species and newly hybridized plant varieties. All through the twentieth century, professional nurseries improved and extended that set of plants. At the same time, our gardens become more purely decorative. Nineteenth-century gardens had to provide foods, flavours, scents, and medicines as well as ornamentation, and the classic sections of garden texts covered fruit gardens, flower gardens, and kitchen gardens. Crawford proudly displays a first edition of the first all-purpose garden handbook published in Canada, *The Canadian Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Gardener*, by St. Catharines nurseryman Delos Beadle in 1872.

A historic shift in plant varieties has come in the last twenty years, Crawford thinks. Gardening has boomed in popularity, avid gardeners have sought out new exotics, and nurseries have scrambled to tempt them with novelties. Today the hottest varieties may be ones that were nearly unknown when Crawford was mastering the landscape architect's repertoire of plants a couple of decades ago.

Gardening books are hot too, but Crawford says she is driven more by her research consultations than by the writing of books. Her one book, fortunately, is among the best-known in the small library of Canadian garden history: *Garden Voices: Two Centuries of Canadian Garden Writing*, an anthology she assembled with her Ottawa-based colleague Edwinna von Baeyer. Their initial inspiration, she says, was an article Lucy Maud Montgomery wrote about her grandmother's Cavendish garden. Crawford and Baeyer had each read it and regretted that it existed only in the files of the magazine which originally published it in 1905. *Garden Voices* restored it to view, along with garden writing from all parts of Canada and many points of view.

Ada L. Potts, another voice from *Garden Voices*, declared in 1929 that "a history of a people's gardens is very nearly a history of the people themselves." Is it? I asked Pleasance Crawford. She had reservations about proposing one common Canadian garden culture. "Except the common problems of a difficult climate," she added, looking out the window. Toronto's great snowstorm of 1999 was blowing in, and her garden was abloom with snowdrifts.

Still, our garden histories suggest Canadian gardens have long been open to the world but constrained by local conditions. Canadians gardens have been steadily evolving away from useful fruit trees and pot herbs toward luxurious and exotic ornamentals. And Canadian gardeners love novelty, but yearn for continuity too. That sounds like Canadian cultural history all right. ◘

Garden Voices, edited by Edwinna von Baeyer and Pleasance Crawford, was published by Random House of Canada in 1995. Eileen Woodhead's *Early Canadian Gardens: An 1827 Nursery Catalogue* was published by McGill-Queen's University Press in 1998.

The Pierre Berton Award

Canada's National History Society established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in subsequent years.

In addition to Mr. Berton, other recipients of the Award are:

James H. Gray, Calgary, 1995
Jacques Lacoursière, Quebec City, 1996
The CRB Foundation, Montreal, 1997
Bob Johnstone, Toronto, 1998

Individuals or organizations that have helped popularize Canadian history, through such means as publications, film, radio and television, theatre or volunteer service may be nominated.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 1999 Pierre Berton Award. In addition to a name and address of the nominee, nominations must be accompanied by detailed information in support of the candidate. A biography or curriculum vitae, newspaper or magazine articles, or letters of support outlining the achievements of the nominee would be welcome.

Nominations for the 1999 Pierre Berton Award must be received by May 28, 1999 and should be sent to:

The Pierre Berton Award
Canada's National History Society
478–167 Lombard Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6

If you require further information on the Award, please contact the Society at the above address, or

Phone (204) 988-9300
Fax (204) 988-9309
E-mail: cnhs@historysociety.ca

Album

Louise Abbott, who submitted this photo to the *Beaver*, is a writer and photographer living in Tomifobia, Quebec.

Washout We order the landscape, and then nature reminds us who has the upper hand. In August 1916, heavy rains caused a tributary of the Tomifobia River to flood and wash out the rail bed in the village of Tomifobia, then a bustling community in Quebec's Eastern Townships. A train derailed. Ribbons of steel contorted. Next to the lineal rectitude of the buildings to the left, the twisted tracks, the broken earth, and the tilting train engine take on a surreal quality, like Salvador Dali's clockfaces melting on a sunbleached landscape. The photographer is unidentified, but sources suggest this picture may be the work of J.J. Parker, who photographed extensively in the region from the late nineteenth century into the 1950s.

The train stopped coming to Tomifobia in the late 1980s, and the ties were removed some years later. The pale house nearest the train is still standing; it's a private home today. But the large house at the back burned down in the summer of 1927. Tomifobia, once a mill town that took advantage of the water power of the Tomifobia River, is today a sleepy hamlet, an eclectic collection of houses and farms. The river may still overflow its banks but no train or tracks will be swept away. ◘

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HISTORY™ TELEVISION

IT'S ABOUT TIME.™

APRIL/MAY PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS

THE GREAT MARCH *Sunday, April 18 at 9ET/PT*

This summer marks the 125th anniversary of the **RCMP March West** - a treacherous journey through hundreds of miles of forbidding and uncharted prairie that ultimately succeeded in bringing justice and protection to Canada's west. History Television is proud to present the adventurous story of this historic, significant event in Canadian History.

HISTORY ON FILM *Wednesday – Saturday at 9 ET/PT*

Four nights a week, viewers turn to History Television for some of the greatest stories ever brought to film. **History on Film** delivers top-notch entertainment with a fascinating historical perspective. Upcoming films include: *Reversal of Fortune* (April 9), *Paths of Glory* (April 14), *A Bridge Too Far* (April 24), *The Falcon and the Snowman* (April 30), *Cleopatra* (May 6 - 7), *Heroes of Telemark* (May 15), *The Name of the Rose* (May 22), and *Sea Wolves* (May 26).

TURNING POINTS OF HISTORY *Tuesdays at 10 ET/PT*

This documentary series looks at the critical events that altered the course of Canadian and world history. The show recreates these dramatic events from as many perspectives as possible, from the principals to eyewitnesses to citizens unaware of the unfolding event.

THE CANADIANS *Sundays at 7 ET/4 PT & Monday 11 ET/ 8PT*

The Canadians is an original biography series exploring the fascinating lives of famous and not-so-famous Canadians. Upcoming episodes include: Sam Steele, Bill Miner, Klondike Kate, Dai Vernon, Two Gun Cohen, Percy Williams, Ruby Keeler, Balgonie Birdman, and Grey Owl.

ADVENTURE SUNDAYS – *Sundays at 8ET/PT*

HISTORY OF WARFARE – *Sundays at 8ET/PT*

The exciting, action-packed guide to the military history of the world from the Roman Empire to the horror of the trenches.

SHARPE – *Sundays at 9ET/PT*

Based on the best-selling novels by Bernard Cornwell, the series stars Sean Bean (Goldeneye, Patriot Games) as maverick Major Richard Sharpe. Set during the battles of the Napoleonic Wars in 19th Century Spain, Sharpe rises through the ranks of Wellington's army by merit, courage and determination.

DESTINATION: HISTORY *Monday – Friday at 8 ET/5 PT*

Every weeknight, **Destination: History** takes armchair time-travelers on a fascinating journey through the ages. From exploring the origins of the Celtic people to legendary pirates, **Destination: History** has something for everyone. Programs in this timeblock include:

- **Pirate Tales**, brings to life the exploits of such legendary pirates as Captain Kidd, Blackbeard, Francis Drake and the Irish 'lady pirate' Granuaille.

- **The Celts**, an examination of the origins of the Celtic peoples of Western Europe.
- **Ecce Homo**, an exploration of the fundamental themes of civilization including emotions, instinct, sexuality and the meaning of life.

HISTORY PRESENTS – *Monday nights at 9 ET/PT*

History Television kicks off the week with **History Presents**, the world's best award-winning documentaries, giving a fascinating picture of history at its most relevant. April features outstanding specials such as: **Liners**, a fascinating series exploring the history of the world's great passenger ships, the lines that operated them, and the remarkable people they carried.

HISTORYLANDS – *Monday nights at 10ET/7PT*

An original documentary series exploring the places of our past, **Historylands** takes the viewer on a visual exploration of Canada's most fascinating historical sites, revealing their stories and significance.

A SCATTERING OF SEEDS – *Monday Nights at 10:30 ET/ 7:30 PT*

History Television is proud to present this Canadian series celebrating the personal experiences of Canada's immigrants and their dreams that built our nation. **A Scattering of Seeds** celebrates the grit and character of unsung immigrants – regular people – who staked their futures on a second chance in Canada.

HISTORY™ TELEVISION

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Eastern	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
8:00am	Sense of History					Ecce Homo	Struggle For Democracy
8:30am	Way We Were						
9:00am	Sketches of Our Town					Struggle For Democracy	Turning Points
9:30am	Sketches of Our Town						
10:00am	Front Page Challenge					History Presents	Decisive Weapons
10:30am	It Seems Like Yesterday						For Valour
11:00am	Combat					Historylands	Cities at War
11:30am						A Scattering of Seeds	
12:00pm	Rat Patrol					Decisive Weapons	Franz Joseph Land
12:30pm	Spies					For Valour	
1:00pm	History Presents	Decisive Weapons	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	The Celts	Hot Spots
1:30pm							
2:00pm	Historylands	For Valour				Pacific Century Western Matinee	History On Film
2:30pm	A Scattering of Seeds						
3:00pm	The Canadians	Turning Points					
3:30pm			It Seems Like Yesterday	It Seems Like Yesterday			
4:00pm	A Century of Conflict (A Century of Warfare, World at War, Timelines)					Rat Patrol	Great Myths
4:30pm							
5:00pm	Combat					Secrets of WWII	Turning Points
5:30pm							
6:00pm	The Way We Were					Turning Points	Historylands
6:30pm	Rat Patrol						A Scattering of Seeds
7:00pm	Spies					Great Myths	The Canadians
7:30pm	It Seems Like Yesterday					The Untouchables	
8:00pm	Destination: History					Historylands	Adventure Sundays
8:30pm							
9:00pm	History Presents	Decisive Weapons	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	
9:30pm		For Valour					
10:00pm	Historylands	Turning Points					
10:30pm	A Scattering of Seeds						
11:00pm	The Canadians	Cities at War					
11:30pm			It Seems Like Yesterday	It Seems Like Yesterday			
12:00am	History Presents	Decisive Weapons	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	
12:30am		For Valour					
1:00am	Historylands	Turning Points					
1:30am	A Scattering of Seeds						
2:00am	The Canadians	Cities at War					
2:30am			It Seems Like Yesterday	It Seems Like Yesterday			
3:00am	Rat Patrol					Historylands	
3:30am	Spies					Great Myths	
4:00am	Destination: History					The Untouchables	
4:30am							
5:00am	A Century of Conflict (A Century of Warfare, World at War, Timelines)					The Celts	
5:30am							
6:00am	Combat					Cities at War	Cable in the Classroom
6:30am							
7:00am	It Seems Like Yesterday					Turning Points	Historylands
7:30am	The Way We Were						A Scattering of Seeds

Program changes may occur.

Destination: History

Adventure Sundays